













GC 977.302 P21PH, 1922







The

ARENA

for

Published by the
1922
Senior Class
of
Paris High School

1922

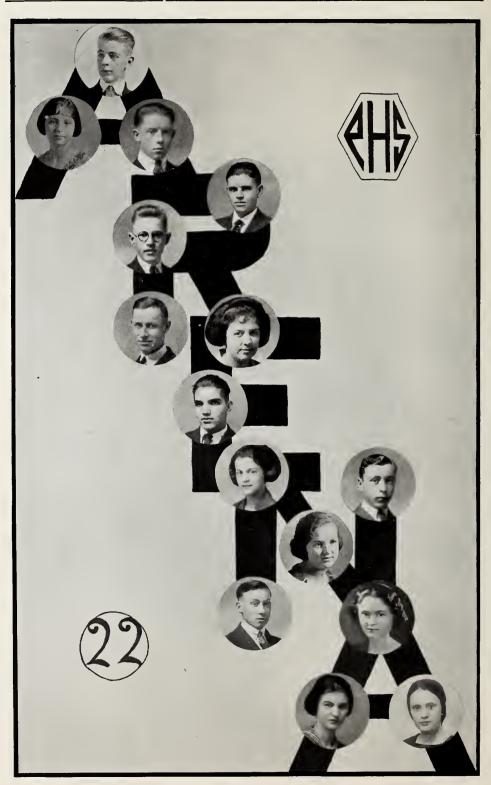




DEDICATION

To Miss Zula Z. Wright, whose invaluable services in the capacity of staff adviser have enabled us to publish the Arena for the current year, we, the class of nineteen and twenty-two, do hereby gratefully dedicate this book.





EDITORIAL STAFF

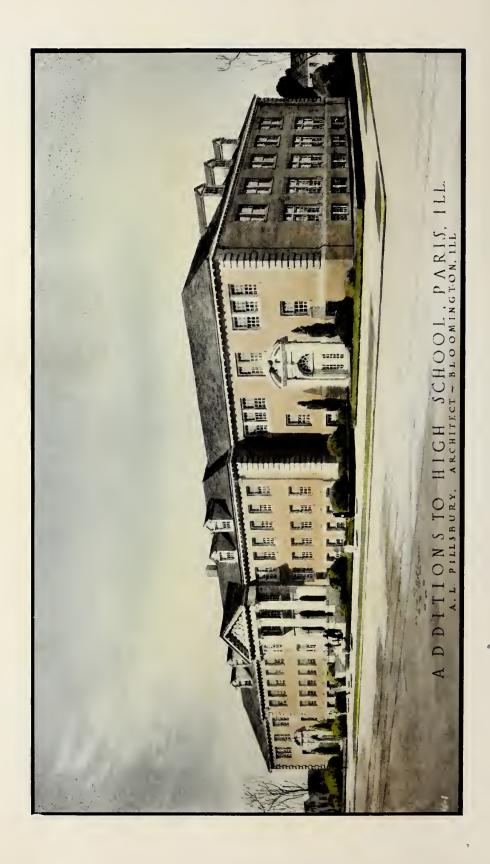
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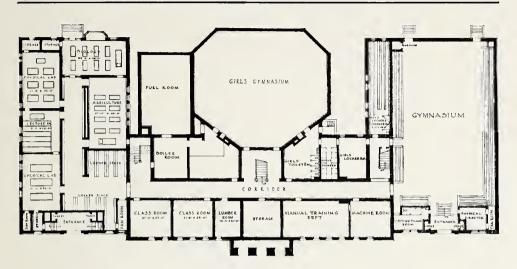


FOREWORD

We, the Class of 1922, offer to you, this our Arena, the record of the year 1921-22. Our desire has been to preserve a record—not so much a history—of the graduating class, of the events and successes of the year; and in some small way, not in actual words, nor yet in black and white photographs, to symbolize the spirit that caused those events and successes, the spirit of P. H. S.

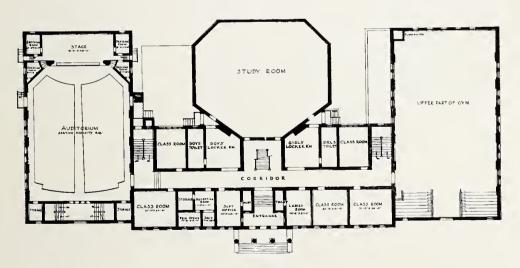
C. F. E., '22.





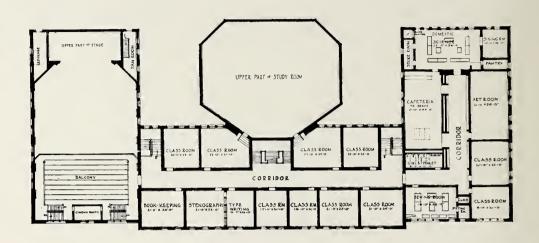
BASEMENT PLAN

ADDITIONS TO HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING PARISILL.
ARTHUR L PILLSBURY - ARCHT BLOOMINGTON-ILLINOIS



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

ADDITIONS TO HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING PARIS, ILL ARTHUR L PILLSBURY-ARCHT BLOOMINGTON - ILLINOIS



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

ADDITIONS TO HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING PARIS, ILL. ARTHUR L PILLSBURY-ARCHT BLOOMINGTON-ILLINOIS.

In 1908 when the original high school building was erected, it was thought that ample room had been provided for all time. Then the enrollment was 225, with a corps of seven teachers. The number of graduates in the class of 1908 was thirty-three. Now there is an enrollment of 550, a faculty of twenty-two teachers, and 97 in the Senior class.

Thus old P. H. S. has grown. Not because Paris is a larger city, but because the younger generation realizes the value of education and is remaining in school. More boys and girls from the surrounding country attend. At present 150 students from the country are enrolled, and this number will continue to grow as transportation improves.

The enlarged building, when completed, will contain thirty-two class rooms, an auditorium, two gymnasiums, a study hall, four locker rooms, and a cafeteria. Future needs have been anticipated, but in the course of time, when Paris awakens and begins to grow, even this building will not take care of the future high school, with its various new departments and enlarged field of work.

FACULTY





H. M. HINKLE

City Superintendent Ewing College University of Illinois Valparaiso University Washington University

"He always knows just what to say and when to say it. He is a friend of all."



CAROLYN L. WENZ, A. B.

Principal English Paris High School University of Illinois University of Chicago

"Here's to Miss Wenz, the impartial dispenser of justice—the friend of every student in P. H. S. A principal never to be forgotten."

ZULU Z. WRIGHT

Stenography
Paris High School
Eastern Illinois Teachers' College
Winona Lake Normal School
Wabash Commercial School
Gregg Normal School

heart, sits on the lid and smiles."
"She puts her worries down in the bottom of her



LA RUE DAYTON, A. B.

English
Paris High School
University of Illinois
University of Wisconsin
University of Colorado

"She is a burning and shining light."



Elsia Tate, A. B.

Latin Paris High School Hanover College

"We consider her quite hard on us at times, but we'd find it much harder to do without her."



Don Hamilton, B. S.

Chemistry Paris High School University of Illinois

"They say he is some teacher!"





JANET BALDWIN, A. B.

English Paris High School University of Illinois

"With thee conversing, I forgot all time, all seasons, and their change."



ELSIE REED

Household Science
Paris High School
Bradley Polytechnic
University of Chicago

"Few have borne unconsciously the spell of loveliness." $% \left(1\right) =\left(1\right) \left(1$



John Moss, B. S.

Agriculture Paris High School University of Illinois

"Who is a teacher like unto him?"



RUTH E. WILKIN, A. B.

Latin
Paris High School
Indiana State Normal
James Milliken University

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace."

EGER VAUGHN MURPHREE, A. M.

Mathematics
Physics
Athletic Coach
Louisville Male High School
University of Kentucky

"Popular? Well, I should guess. Some coach? Well, I'll say he is."



Edna Bicknell, A. B.

Science Greencastle High School DePauw University

"She has a hankerin' after bugs and ---"



ELIZABETH HUSTON, A. B.

History Political Economy Palmer Academy Oxford College University of Wisconsin

"She has indeed just come to us, but if this be a sample we are all looking forward to a long stay."



MARIAN LORD, A. B.

Kewanee High School Lake Erie College University of Illinois

"A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue."





FLAVIA McCALLISTER, A. B.

History
Paris High School
Oxford College
University of Illinois

"Is she engaged or is she not? I asked you once, but I forgot."



MARY ELIZABETH FRAZIER, A. B.

Mathematics Georgetown High School Illinois Women's College Columbia University

"Oh, some have features sweet and fair, with lips that laugh and starry eyes."



WILDA FOSTER, A. B.

English Tipton High School University of Illinois

"She is more fair than words can say."



KATHERINE TURMAN

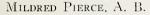
Commercial Marshall High School Butler College

"But to see her is to love her." They say she is engaged. Oh, lucky man!

Frances J. Maloney, A. B.

French and Spanish St. Teresa's Academy, Decatur James Milliken University University of Illinois

"She speaketh in an unknown tongue."



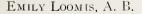
English
Physiology
Monticello High School, Iowa
Cornell College
Graduate Cornell School of Oratory

"A perfect woman, nobly planned, to warn, to comfort, and command."



Manual Training University High, Normal, Illinois Bradley Polytechnic University of Chicago

"Our athletic manager, who has done much for $\operatorname{P.}$ H. $\operatorname{S.}$ "



Mathematics Physiology Hyde Park High School University of Illinois

"To know oneself loved-this is true happiness."











ELIZABETH R. GADDIS

Music McCune High School, Kansas Kansas University North Western University

"Cheerful music helps the world along."



Louise McClure

Assistant to the Superintendent

"Short and snappy. What would we do without Louise?"



WILLIAM GILLUM ("Bill")

Custodian of the Building
That "Bill" is necessary to our comfort was proved
by the fact that we nearly froze to death when he took
a day off for sickness.

Here's to the faculty, Long may they live— Even as long as The lessons they give.

Father: Yes, Professor, my son is destined to be a great scientist. I presume you have noticed his way of going to the bottom of things?

Professor: Yes, I have noticed it about his classes.





BERNIE SHIVELEY ("Hungry")

Ring Committee 3, Rifle Club 3-4, Class President 3-4, Basketball 2-3-4, Captain 4, Football 2-3-4, Captain 4, Track 1-2-3-4, Circus 3, Athletic Association 1-2-3-4.

"Our all-round athlete, who seems to be specializing in Botany. He considers the 'Fern' the most interesting."

Russell L. Patton

Cadets 1, Associate Business Manager "Arena" 4, Physticuphs 3-4, President 4, Agriculture Club 1, Alethenai 2-3-4, Class Vice-President 4, Football 2-3, Athletic Association 1-2-3-4.

"True eloquence comes from great heights."

Lucille Yowell

Dudley High School 1, Class Secretary and Treasurer 4, Athletic Association 2-3-4, Honor Student.

"It is no small thing which we say about her—'the sweetest girl in P. H. S."

Edgar Alan Shoaff ("Dink")

Cadets 1, Basketball 3-4, Editor-in-Chief "Arena" 4, Athletic Association 1-2-3-4, Honor Student.

"How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue."

CAROLYN FRANCES EADS

Assistant Editor "Arena" 4, Associate Editor 2, Wranglers 1-2-3-4, Secretary 2, Vice-President 3, President 4, Ring Committee 3, Junior Banquet Committee 3, Honor Student, "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" 3, Alethenai 1-2-3, Latin Play 3, Class Treasurer 3, Circus 3.

"A perfect knowledge box and one of P. H. S.'s strongest backers."

MARY E. LYDICK

Personal Editor "Arena" 4, Ring Committee 3, Menu and Reception Committee Junior Banquet 3, "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary 3, Alethenai 1-2, Latin Play 3, Class Secretary 3, Basketball 1-2, Circus 3.

"A spicy, gingery little raisin!" Although she is not in the celluloid drama, Mary presents a series of moving pictures. DOROTHEA JONES ("Dotty")

Junior Banquet Committee 3, Basketball 1-2, "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" 3, Circus 3, Alethenai 1-2-3, Athletic Association 1-2-3-4.

"Her lovely looks a sprightly mind disclose; Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those."

Anna H. Kauffman ("Annie") Athletic Association 1-2-3-4.

"Her hair is not more sunny than her smile."

Lyman P. Yates

U. S. Navy, '18-'19, Alethenai 1-2-3-4, Stump 1-2, Physticuphs 3-4, Athletic Association 1-2-3-4.

"For what I will I will, and there's an end."

EUGENE McClure ("Zeke")
Cadets 1, Agriculture Club 1, Football

Cadets 1, Agriculture Club 1, Football 3, Track 3, Athletic Association 1-2-3-4. "I come to school to get a general idea of things."

EMILY RUTH PEARMAN ("Shorty") Glee Club 2-3-4, Athletic Association 1-2-3-4.

"As merry as the day is long."

CLEONE STUBBS ("Connie")
Athletic Association 1-2-3-4.
"Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace and friend of human
kind."





KATHERINE ASKIN ("Katy")
Arena Staff "Jokist," Ring Committee
3, Junior Banquet 3, Circus 3, Invitation Committee 4.

"A beautiful and happy girl with step as light as summer air."

CHARLES NELSON JENKS ("Jinxey") Alethenai 1-2-3-4, President 4, Cadets 1, Physticuphs 2-3-4, President 2, Vice-President Class 3, Toast Master Junior Banquet 3, Reception Committee 3, Glee Club 3-4, Rifle Club 3-4, "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" 3, Football 3-4, Business Manager "Arena" 4.

"He thundereth marvelously with his voice."

ERNEST STEPHENS ("Stevie")

"The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" 3, Athletic Association 1-2-3-4, Alethenai 1-2-3-4, Advertising Manager "Arena"

"On their own merits modest men are dumb."

INEZ CARMICHAEL

Glee Club 2, Wranglers 2-3-4, Program Committee Junior Banquet 3, Alethenai 3-4, Associate Editor "Arena" 3, Class Historian 4, Honor Student.

"Through nature and through art she gracefully changed." ranged, and her subject

Julia Fern Brown ("Judy")

Glee Club 3-4, Latin Play 3, Circus 3, Invitation Committee Junior Banquet 3, Athletic Association 4.

"She is all softness and sweetness, peace. love and delight."

LLOYD HARTLEY ("Herk")

Cartoonist "Arena" 4, Physticuphs 3, Alethenai 1-2-3-4, Latin Play 3, Track 3-4, Public Speaking 3, "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" 3, Athletic Association 1-2-3-4.

"He doth show some sparks that are like wit."

PEARL HAWLEY ("Peg")
Athletic Association 1-2-3-4.
"By heaven, this girl is fair indeed!"

MARGARET E. LYONS
Metcalf High School 1, Wranglers 3,
"The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" 3,
Athletic Association 2-3-4.
"It is quality, not size, that counts."

Jesse A. R. Bandy ("Jess")
Cadets 1-2, Agriculture Club 3-4, VicePresident 3, Alethenai 1, Athletic Association 1-2-3-4, Jokist "The Senior
Tiger" 4, Junior Banquet Committee 3.
Football 3-4, Track 1-2-3-4, Rifle Club
3-4.
"What's the use of all this strife,

And hurrying pell-mell through life?"

MILDRED BARR ("Milly")
Alethenai 1-2, Athletic Association 3-4,
Basketball 1.
"With dancing hair and laughing eyes."

JOSEPHINE ALBIN ("Joe")
General Chorus 3, Glee Club 4, Athletic
Association 1-2-3-4.
"Little, but, oh, my!"

George Bovell Athletic Association 1-2-3-4, Decoration Committee Junior Banquet 3. "He is a wise man who speaks little."





Augusta Reese

Invitation Committee Junior Banquet 3, Athletic Association 1-4. "To be merry best becomes you."

Fred O. Dodd

Agriculture Club 2, Decorating Committee Junior Banquet 3, Athletic Association 1-2-3-4, Alethenai 3-4, Organizations "Arena" 4, Honor Student.
"There can be no fairer ambition than

to excel in talk."

WILLIAM M. DUGAN ("Bill")

"The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" 3,
Athletic Editor "Arena" 4, Physticuphs
2.3-4, Alethenai 1-2-3-4, Rifle Club 3, Menu Committee Junior Banquet 3, Yell Leader 4, Athletic Association 1-2-3-4.

"I have more understanding than any of my teachers.'

MARY VAN HOUTIN ("Van")

Glee Club 3-4, Decoration Committee Junior Banquet 3, Alethenai 1-2, Circus 3, "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" 3, Athletic Association 1-2-3-4.

"Firm and resolved by sterling worth to gain

Love and respect, thou shalt not strive in vain.

LEROY BRIGHT ("Stubby")

Cadets 1-2, Glee Club 4, Honor Student, Agriculture Club 2-3-4, Decoration Committee Junior Banquet 3, "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" 3, Rifle Club 3-4, Athletic Association 2-3-4, Assistant Advertising Manager "Arena" 4.

"Everyone wants to know who will get him for a beau."

MARTHA BANDY ("Mart")

Alethenai 1, Latin Play 3, Athletic Association 1-2-3-4.

"All hearts do duty to her beauty."

SARAH RICHARDSON

Athletic Association 1-2-3-4, Alethenai

3, Wranglers 3.

"O merry heart that laughs at care." Sarah grew tired of school, and so, on February 14, became Mrs. Stewart Graham.

Mable H. Ogle ("Bib")
Basketball 3, Athletic Association 3.
"A bright and shining light in this dark old world."

CHARLES STOTTS

Athletic Association 1-2-3-4.

A man of merit.

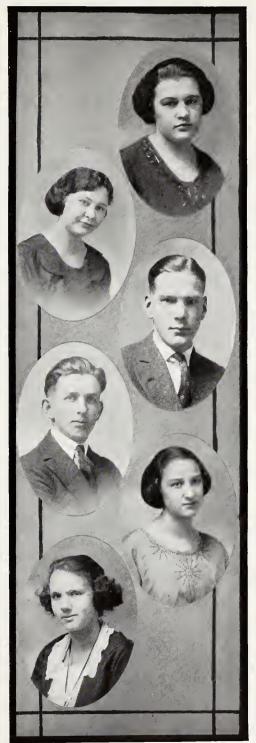
"Deafened by an accident early in his school life, Charles has completed his high school course with credit. He has never made a failure in any subject and without ever hearing a word of class discussion, has kept above the class average. Surely an unusual record."

JOHN SUNKEL ("Sunk")
Dudley High School 1, "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" 3, Rifle Club 3-4,
Athletic Association 3-4, Editor-inChief of "The Senior Tiger" 4, Honor Student.

"An intellectual corner on gray matter."

RITA CHARLOTTE MATTINGLY Athletic Association 3-4. "I am not of many words."

Genevee Patterson ("Patty") Athletic Association 1-2-3-4. "In faith, lady, you have a merry heart."





VIRGINIA FERN HYBARGER
Oliver High School 1-2, Basketball 3,
Athletic Association 3-4, Alethenai.
"Your aim in life is high."

RICHARD RUDY ("Rudy")
Track 1-2-3-4, Class Secretary 2, Football 4, Basketball 3-4, Rifle Club 3-4, Ring Committee 3, Associate Editor "Arena" 1, Athletic Association 1-2-3-4. "Ordinarily a very cheerful young man, but this year he has a 'Dole-ful' tendency."

Brent L. Marrs ("Ironsides")
Cadets 1-2, Agriculture Class 1-2-3,
Rifle Club 3-4, Football 2-3-4, Athletic
Association 1-2-3-4.
"A man passes for what he is worth."

Katherine Dillon ("Kack") Athletic Association 1-2-3-4. "She has a soft and pensive grace."

VIOLA M. KIRBY Athletic Association 1-2-3-4. "Gentle thoughts and kind desires."

Margaret Sullivan ("Peg")
Athletic Association 1-2-3-4.
"'Tis joy to believe in the truth that lies
Far down in the depths of those sweet
brown eyes."

MARY ALBERTA MORRISEY
Athletic Association 1-2-3-4.
"Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air, Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

PAUL WILLIAM MEANS
Cadets 1-2, Rifle Club 3-4, Chairman
Decorating Committee Junior Banquet
3, Class Vice-President 1.

"He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,

And whistled as he went for want of thought."

JOHN CECIL MAPES ("Red")
Agriculture Club 2, Athletic Association 2-3-4, Honor Student.
"The sunshine is red
When it shines on my head."

IRMA JANE NORTH

Menu Committee Junior Banquet 3,
Athletic Association 1-2-3-4.

"It is a matter of great regret,
But she is a slight coquette."

ETHEL MORROW

Basketball 3-4, Athletic Association
1-2-3-4.

"A diamond in the ring of acquaintance."

Herbert Helmor Cadets 1, Agriculture Club 2-3-4, Athletic Association 1-2-3-4. "Study is wearisome to the flesh."





MARGARET JANE SUNKEL Latin Play 3, Circus 3, Invitation Committee Junior Banquet 3, Athletic Association 1-2-3-4. "Some secret charm does all her acts

ne secret charm does all her acts attend."

DOROTHY MAE SEBREE ("D")
Glee Club 1-2-3-4, Athletic Association
1-2-3-4, Alethenai 1-2, Latin Play 3,
Orchestra 4, Decoration Committee
Junior Banquet 3, Circus 3, Basketball 2.

"Her very foot has music in it." The Galli-Curci of our class.

BYRON WILLIAM STEWART ("Speed") Cadets 1, Agriculture Club 2, Athletic Association 1-2-3-4.

"It is not good that man should be alone."

LUCILLE FORCUM ("Cile")
Decorating Committee Junior Banquet
3, "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" 3,

Alethenai 1-2, Latin Play 3, Circus 3, Glee Club 3-4, Invitation Committee 4. "Never a home in the town be mine, 'Mid the stir and whir, and the gaud and

glare. Give me the farm where the clovered kine Are heard on the hill, and the world is fair."

ALICE ROSELLA EMERICK
Athletic Association 1-2-3-4.
"The maiden to whom her work is all in all."

E. EARL WILSON
Honor Student, Agriculture Club 1-2-3-4, Track 2-3, Athletic Association 1-2-3-4.
"Being nimble footed he hath out run us."

LAFERN CHESROWN
Circus 3, Athletic Association 2-3-4.
"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low.
An excellent thing in woman."

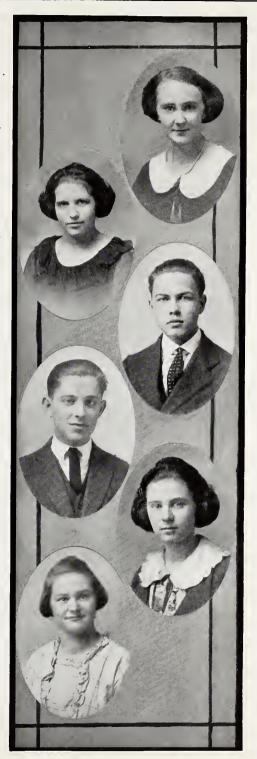
WILHELMINA BLACK
Athletic Association 1-2-3-4, General
Chorus 3.
"If silence is golden, she is 24 carat."

ARNOLD TRIMBLE
Cadets 1, Alethenai 3-4, Circus 3, Athletic Association 1-2-3-4.
"His heart is with a '21 graduate."

FORREST RULE
Rifle Club 3-4, Athletic Association
1-2-3-4, Business Manager "The Senior
Tiger."
"Thou mightest call him a goodly person."

ALTA FERN MOORE
Garland High School 1-2, Basketball 3,
Athletic Association 3-4, Honor Student.
"Modest simplicity is a virtue of woman."

MILDRED C. DILLON
Athletic Association 1-2-3-4.
"Here's to you! May you succeed as you well deserve to do."





LUELLA G. WEAVER ("Wallie")
Athletic Association 1.
"With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."

Genevieve Sanders
Chrisman High School 1-2, Latin Play
3, Athletic Association 3-4.
"Were she other than she is, she were
unhandsome, always full of fun."

WILLARD PARRISH
Rifle Club 3-4, Athletic Association
1-2-3-4.
"Men of few words are the best men."

F. LEROY GIBBONS
Circus 3, Junior Banquet Committee 3,
Glee Club 3-4, Alethenai 1-2-3-4, Physticuphs 3-4, Athletic Association 1-2-3-4.
"I am not in the role of common men."

SYLVIA TWIGG ("Sid")
Athletic Association 1-2-3-4.
"She shows how divine a woman may be."

FERN A. ANDERSON ("Skin-nay")
Athletic Association 1-2-3-4, Circus 3.
"We've heard her heart is with a P. H. S.
Alumnus. Wonder if it is true?"

ESTA EUNICE HEDRICK
Athletic Association 1-2-3.
"Her candle goeth not out by night."

Kenneth Bennett Cadets 2, Agriculture Club 2, Junior Banquet Committee 3, Rifle Club 4, Athletic Association 1-2-3-4. "A wise man is his own assistant."

HARRY R. LOGAN
Cadets 1-2, Glee Club 3-4, Ring Committee 3, Circus 3, Rifle Club 3, Athletic Association 1-2-3-4.
"By his length ye shall know him."

FLORENCE D. PEAR
Latin Play 3, Basketball 1, Athletic
Association 1-4.
"The primest creature that e'er paragon'd o'er the world."

OWEN BAKER
Cadets 1-2, Agriculture Club 1-2-4, Rifle
Club 4, Football 3-4.
"I abhor myself."

FORREST STOTTS
Cadets 1-2, Agriculture Club 4, Athletic
Association 1-2-3-4.
"My name is 'Forest,' but I'm not a stick."





MARY LOUISE COADY
Glee Club 4, Alethenai 2-3-4, Circus 3,
Basketball 1-2, Athletic Association 1-2.
"Oh bless'd with temper whose unclouded
ray
Can make tomorrow cheerful as today."

MILES W. BUTLER Cadets 2, Rifle Club 3-4, Track 2-3, Athletic Association 1-2-3-4. "A man of few words."

WINFIELD WRIGHT ("Win")
Cadets 1-2, "The Rejuvenation of Aunt
Mary," 3.
"We've heard he's fond of the ladies."

ESTHER ADAMS
General Chorus 3, Athletic Association
1-2-3-4.
"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
"Tis only noble to be good."

Leona Blanche Glick Athletic Association 1-2-3-4. "At sight of thee my gloomy soul cheers up, My hopes revive, and gladness dawns within me."

Howard C. Wright
Cadets 1, Athletic Association 1-2-3-4,
Agriculture Club 2-3-4.
"There is no one like him but there are
many imitations."

Effie O. Ringo
Athletic Association 1-2-3-4.
"A quiet, unassuming girl of sterling worth."

CHESLEY A. HAYWORTH ("Chick") Alethenai 2-3, Latin Play 3, Athletic Association 1-2-3-4.

"He who loves woman gains a liberal education."

HARRY CARTER

Shelbyville High School 1-2, Orchestra 3-4, Athletic Association 3.

"Yes, my name is Carter, and I'm that good looking Senior."

Marie Latshaw

Glee Club 2, Basketball 3-4, Latin Play 3, General Chorus 4, Athletic Association 1-2-3-4.

"What is worth doing is worth doing well."

ELWIN DANIELS

Rifle Club 4, Athletic Association 1-2-3-4, Alethenai 4.

"He is the mildest mannered man."

Weston E. Toliver ("Wes")
Track 1-2-3-4, Football 3-4, Basketball
2-3-4, Rifle Club 3-4, Athletic Association 1-2-3-4.

"I am a great friend to public amusements."

Our basketball star.





ALBERTA L. SWINFORD
Latin Play 3, Athletic Association
1-2-3-4.
"Gentle of speech and beneficient of mind."

WILLARD STAHL
Rifle Club 3-4, Athletic Association
1-2-3-4.
"The wise plan is to live like a man."

Beulah Finley ("Jim")
Basketball 2-3-4, Athletic Association 4.
"She wears the rose of youth upon her cheek."

MARY ESTHER LEA
Glee Club 2, Alethenai 1-2, Junior Banquet Committee 3, Athletic Association 1-2-3-4.
"Just being happy is a fine thing."

Lelia Marie Green
Glee Club 2-4, Athletic Association
2-3-4.
"She hath many noble virtues."

RAY F. HUSTON
Forsythe High School, Montana, 1-2-3,
Rifle Club 4, Athletic Association 4.
"At evening, at home, is the best place
for men."

ELSIE V. KIRSTEN ("Elk")
Athletic Association 4, Basketball 3-4.
"A most excellent accomplished lady."

EVA MAE SAMPSON
Glee Club 2, Chorus 3, Circus 3, Athletic Association 1-2-3-4.
"Honor and faith and a sure intent."

THEODORE FISHBACK ("Ted")
West Port High School, Kansas City,
Mo., 2½ years, Invitation Committee
Junior Banquet 3, Athletic Association 4.
"Not too serious, not too gay,
But a rare good fellow."

Hattie Ruth Elam
Athletic Association 1-2-3-4.
"A pleasing countenance is no slight advantage."

MYRTLE A. McGill Athletic Association 1-3. "There is no light nonsense about her."

RUDOLPH C. GLECKLER
Cadets 3, Agriculture Club 1, Athletic
Association 1-2-3-4.
"Is he bashful or is it just his way?"





HERBERT RIDDELL
Agriculture Club 1-2-3-4, Glee Club 2-4,
Track 1-2, Football 1-2-3-4, Circus 3,
Athletci Association 1-2-3-4.

"He keeps his thoughts to himself and goes sincerely on his way."

BERNADINE MOODY

"She has no time to sport away the hours."

Oh! here's to the Class of '22,
The class of the White and bright Red hue;
The class that has suffered, fought and bled,
But whose sails have carried her far ahead.

E. Stephens, '22.

MOST ANY SENIOR

Got a funny kind o' feelin'; rather sort o' blue, Kind o' sad and melancholy,—mighty happy, too: Know what makes that funny feelin'—nothin' that I've ate— Know exactly just what makes it—got to graduate. Ain't it funny? Thing I've worked for, for a full year, Just 'most wish it wasn't comin', now it's nearly here. Seniors must be funny people; sure as I'm alive, Just as though we wuz a wishin' "Two plus two" wuz "five." Got to leave our friends and teachers, leave our nice old hall, Got to leave our books and classes, got to leave, that's all! Got to show the world about us of what stuff we're made, Got to go and take our places, prove we're not afraid. Makes us feel as scared and solemn, wish we could divide So one-half of us could laugh, while the other cried. Got a funny kind of feelin', altogether new, Kind o' scared and trembly feelin', gloomy but elate. Know what makes that funny feelin'? GOT TO GRADUATE!

Senior at Photographer's: These photos of me are not good. I look like an ape.

Photographer (disgusted): You should have thought of that before you had them taken.

Mr. Murphree: Give me the definition of density.

E. Daniels: I can't define it but I can give you an illustration.

Mr. Murphree: The illustration is good; sit down.

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

On September 3, 1918, one hundred and sixty-eight bright and shining lights began to revolutionize the history of P. H. S.—that is, the high candle power lights did. But as all good things must end, almost one hundred of these lights are going to disappear in June to illuminate some other school, while the lesser lights take care of Paris. We hope that they can take care of it well, although just between you and me, there never was a class just like that of '22. We've just naturally shown Paris what a perfectly normal bunch of kids could do for a town.

When we were Freshmen we were a perfectly beautiful green—that was because we were normal and didn't know it. When we were Sophomores the curtain of oblivion had gone to the ceiling and our talent began to shine forth. Some of us had dropped off, which is perfectly natural, and no doubt left the class in better shape than before, just like pruning an apple tree, only this was done by a

system of natural selection and survival of the fittest.

By the time we were Juniors, we had grown in knowledge until we hardly appreciated "gym" parties any more and second place in athletics, so we satisfied our vanity by putting on a perfectly lovely Junior-Senior Banquet, and Paris on the map by supplying the world with a future champion athlete, and that wasn't all we did either. We simply submerged ourselves in a round of—well, we put on pictures and we produced a class play just like any other Junior class, only ours was—well, it was the "Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," and proved to be the rejuvenation of Paris, and we had a refreshment stand at the Tiger meet, and we made grades that are going to be talked about long after we are gone (?), and we came out on top every time we undertook anything.

And then this year we got to be Seniors! Most Seniors, you know, say they realize their responsibility in setting the pace. But we've always been so busy doing something else that we've never taken time to realize we had a responsibility, you understand. And Senior class presidents and historians nearly always spend a lot of time foolishly telling people "you're gonna be sorry when we're gon," but I've observed that about the only tears that are shed are shed at the Junior Banquet, and I am strongly persuaded that those were from joy over the old class dying, you might say, and leaving the heritage of social position. The Juniors understand that when such a vacuum is created, they get to fill the space next just because they happen to be closest to the opening. Of course, that is a little pessimistic, but it's logical. They say if you want a thing done well, do it yourself, and since the Seniors always have been rather sensible, we're going to take the lesson and feel sorry for ourselves.

We haven't done anything more desperate this year than contribute several athletes and orators to the various teams, but the big time is coming in the spring. We intend to leave Paris in a burst of splendor, just like a blue-bird lights, singing after his journey from the South in the spring. We're going to win contests and give a class play, and then end it all up by going to the commencement and getting our diplomas, although I never could understand why it was called the commence-

ment, instead of the "quitment," which it is for most of us.

I. E. C., '22.

1922

HEAVENS!

Miss Pierce (in English) wrote a sentence on the board and beneath it wrote, "Define the above and punctuate it."

Augusta Reese, after deep thinking, wrote on her paper, "The above is

Heaven. It is punctuated by angels and stars."



THE REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY

On the nights of May 4 and 5, 1921, the Class of '22 presented in the high school auditorium, "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary." The play was a complete success, due to the faithful work of the players and their talented director, Mrs. Morgan.

The players were well suited to their parts and did exceedingly well. Especial mention must be made of those who took the parts of Aunt Mary, Jack, Joshua, Lucinda and Betty. Their dramatic talent was unusually good.

We can truthfully say that never has a play with an amateur cast been staged with such success as the play given by the Class of '22.

The cast was as follows:

THE SENIOR PRIZE STORY THE BLACK FACE

From my childhood I have been an earnest student of the occult and a firm believer in such. I delighted in the weird stories and tales of bogies and ghouls with which my nurse used to try to frighten me. I do not believe that there is a book or story bearing upon a supernatural element that I have not perused; and until lately the same feeling pervaded me as it did in my more youthful days. Until lately it was always a proud moment of my life when some of my own stories of demonology were published and were hailed with delight by the reading public. You will notice that I said these things were true until lately; now let me explain why I made such a statement.

As I have said I have always liked ghost stories and I have always wanted to see a spirit, and now came the chance that I had longed for since my childhood days. It came in the form of an advertisement. The Bristol House was for sale! The place was known throughout the city as a rendezvous for the departed spirits, and many are the stories that were blown around about the old mansion. Though none as yet has been reported as authentically true, I do not doubt any of them. As a boy I distinctly remember that I vied with my companions at entering the house after sunset, and have, only as a mere boy, searched through every garret and closet of the old place.

And now this coveted place was within my grasp; for I knew that with all the rumors scattered throughout the town there would be no one who would wish to buy the place. I went to the owner to make a bargain and bargain it was. The man had been unable to sell or even to rent the house, though he had kept it in good condition; he had been unable to kill the

stories that were going around about it. Yes, he was indeed glad to get such an elephant off his hands.

I prided myself somewhat on the fact that I should be pointed out as the one that dared to inhabit Bristol House, and as one who would snap his fingers under a ghost's nose without fear of dire consequences. I do not doubt but that there were a few who talked delightedly among themselves and said that I should not remain in Bristol House long.

I prepared to move to my new dwelling. Here the first obstacle presented itself. Toby, my faithful negro servant, started a petty rebellion when he learned of our new location. At first threats or promises were of no avail, but finally he consented to go, provided that I would prevail upon the spirits to let him alone. It ended in my going to Bristol House and Toby

accompanying me.

I have now passed two days in Bristol House. I have listened carefully for a visit from some departed soul. I have strained my ears to catch the slightest sound that might betoken the presence of ghosts. Never did a mouse run across the rafters of a garret or a door squeak in the wind, that a thrill did not shoot through me as I thought the longed-for time had come. Never did a sound come from anywhere that I did not indulge in an ecstacy of expectancy. I listen in vain for a moan or wail from some secluded and forgotten upper-chamber. If a shade does not show itself soon I shall give up hope of ever seeing one in this place.

I had finished the story that I had been working on and I was somewhat weary, so that despite my strong efforts against it, I had dozed off. I was aroused by a harsh knocking at the side door. I looked at my watch, and then verified it by glancing at the clock on the mantel. I wondered who could be seeking admission at this hour, for both time-pieces told me it was near midnight. I called Toby to go to the door and waited to hear his footsteps in the hallway; after waiting several minutes I again called him. No answer. I wondered where he could have gone as he had been in the room just a short time before, and at any rate it was not his custom to go out of the house at night. I began to worry about him. I was again brought to myself by a repetition of the knocking at the door, this time louder than before. I took a glass of wine that I had poured from a bottle on the table, and after having thus braced myself, I was resolved to go to the door; for after all I thought it might be what I had wished for so long. I started to rise from my chair but I sensed a sweet, faint odor that arrested my movement; and then a sort of warmth and languor began to overcome me. and I fell back into the chair wearily. So utterly lethargic was I that I could not rise to meet the intruder coming down the hall, but could only roll my head wearily in the direction of the sound.

As I turned toward the door at the end of the room, it opened. I sat in my chair with a horrified stare into the hallway outside; I clutched at the arms. Now that I was really to see a spirit, for I realized that the intruder could be nothing else, I was utterly frightened at the very thought. Of one thing I was sure; something was coming down the dark hall and making a big noise.

All at once the clamor ceased. Then through the doorway something flitted,—some dim, shadowy, unformed object, intangible and mysterious, but yet something. As it swept into the room, it was accompanied by a blast of cold wind that froze my very blood. The Presence came nearer, and though I could not exactly see it, I knew that it was there. I could feel the invisible eyes peering into my very heart. A cold gray mist filled the room and began to take form, but such a form! Never in all my days had I beheld such a malignity of features on any face; the skin was bloodless and the glittering eyes were staring at me in a sort of fiendish hideousness which I can never wipe from my memory. The apparition drew nearer and stretched out its

skinny talons and shook them before my face. I shuddered.

"I am the embodiment of Edgar Allan Poe," it said in a hollow voice that seemed to come from the depths of the earth. "I will curdle your blood, and turn your hair white in a night; I heard that you were wanting a spirit and I came to see what I could do. Shall I stay here or not?" The spectre again reached out its hands toward me and I sank back into my chair. I was so overcome with terror that I was unable to shake my head. I would have been willing to do without a ghost if only this spirit-subduing figure would leave me. This was not its purpose. It advanced nearer and again spoke, "What do you mean, then, by disturbing the other world? Here I have come from across the Styx so that I might help you, and now you sit there and try to dispel me with a shake of your head." The eyes gleamed and the apparition continued, "You had better take me for if you do not,"—the face grew suddently dark in great anger, he again stretched forward his fleshless hand, and in it he held something that glittered like a knife. Yes, that is what it was, a knife! I recoiled terror-stricken as the awful face pressed nearer and nearer and the knife almost touched me! I shut my eyes and waited.

"A card for you, sir."

I had an indistinct consciousness of these words being spoken into my ear without being able to grasp their meaning. I opened my eyes. The sun was streaming into the window and all the bizarre effect had disappeared with the gray mist. Where the apparition had stood there stood Toby, and where the knife had been there was a silver letter tray, which contained the card of the gentleman outside. I came to myself at once. "Show the gentleman in, Toby." Toby returned shortly with Mr. Elcott, one of my publishers. "I came for that manuscript you said you would have to-day," he explained.

"It's another ghost story but it will be the last," I said, and then I told him of my experience of the night before. He picked up the bottle of wine that I had on the table and played thoughtfully with it. Suddenly he looked at the label on the bottle. "Are you in the habit of drinking this very often?" he asked. I replied, "Probably a glass every day, but a glass of wine should not affect

one that way, if that is what you are talking about."

"Wine? Why this is not wine; it is chloral!" He handed the bottle to me and I read the label; as I did so everything cleared up. I had, in mistake for my usual drink of wine, drained off a glass of chloral, which lucky for me was only a weak solution; the amount of pure hydrate I estimated at about fifty grains. The chloral explained the sweet odor, the languor, and the grotesque visitor, and so while in this semi-conscious state I had seen all these strange things.

But the lesson has quite cured me. Nevermore do I secrete myself in dark places in order to get a glimpse of a spirit; nevermore do I strain my ears to hear departed souls. My latest book is not on my usual theme of horror and mystery. It has across the front in very plain words, "THE FRAUDS OF SPIRITUALISM."

Dummkopf, Class of '22.

FOOTBALL

(Dedicated to the Team)

The shades of night were falling fast, As slowly through the streets there passed A youth who limped with many a pause; A word will tell you all the cause: 'Twas football!

His eyes were blacked, his face was scarred With many blows from battles hard; At his side his arms limply hung. He also had a mashed-in lung

From football.

"Oh stay," said the opposing team, and then There were on him all eleven men, And from the manner they acted that day, They evidently knew how to play Real football.

"Try not through center," the coach had said,
"Your opponents will tower above your head.
An end run will work both easy and nice;"
But he listened not to this sage advice
On football.

His goose is cooked and now he thinks 'Tis rough enough to play tiddly-winks, And any more when they play a game, Not on the list will you find his name.

For football.

LLOYD HARTLEY, '22.

Minister: Do you ever attend the place of worship?

Fred Curl: I am on my way to see her now.

John Sunkel: How many men are there in the freshman class?

Cecil Mapes: About 20, I think.

J. S.: Is that all?

C. M.: Yes, but the rest will grow up eventually.

Elwin Daniels (in History, reciting on the peculiarities of the Quakers). "They all wore the same clothes." (Meaning same type of clothes).

Mary Lydick: Why were you taking up that collection this morning?

Bernie Shively: To hire a coach for the B. B. team.

Mary: Huh, I guess, I would let them walk.

Chesley Haworth (translating Latin): At the same time the Trojans applauded with their mouths.



SENIOR CLASS WILL

We, the Class of 1922, being of unsound mind and failing health, do hereby

make and publish this, our last will and testament, bequeathing:

1. To the Junior class—our dignity; Miss Wenz's supervision, Rooms 2 and 3, noted for their ability to hold noise and noise and then more noise; also, all the flunkers who fail to graduate with us.

2. To the Sophomores—our pep, enthusiasm and incentive, in the hope that

they may "put over" the dance proposition.

3. To the Freshmen—our athletic ability, for that counts most towards overcoming the greenness apparent to the upper classes.

Also:

- 1. I, Bernie Shively, leave my ability as a heavy heaver to Arthur See; my football spirit and style to "Mush" McGowan, and my height to Shorty McMullen.
- 2. I, Charles Jenks, leave my popularity with the student body to the Bankers' Association and with the faculty to Paul Gilivary.
 - I, Alan Shoaff, leave French III at the order of Miss Maloney.
 I, Lucile Yowell, leave my lady-like bearing to any Freshman.
 - 5. I, Russell Patton, leave my ability as a debater to John Papadakos.

6. I, Mary Lydick, leave my pep to Bill.

7. I, Lloyd Hartley, leave my artistic genius to Bud DeHaven.

8. I, John Sunkel, leave one wheel on the road.

9. I, Lucile Forcum, leave Byron Stewart in the custody of my little sister, Clotile, who will hold him, if any one can.

10. I, Harry Logan, leave a cloud of dust behind me.

- 11. I, Dorothea Jones, leave my "raven tresses" to Genevieve Chesrown.
- 12. I, Augusta Reese, leave my happy disposition to Enos Edwards.

13. I, Earl Wilson, leave my ability as a runner to Robert Davis.

I, Leona Glick, leave Dorothy unchaperoned.

15. I, Richard Rudy, leave high school well satisfied with myself.16. I, Katherine Askin, leave that ever-ready smile to Beulah Peebles.

17. 1, Cecil Mapes, leave my bold, bad impudence to Jack Logan.

18. I, Marie Latshaw, leave my note books to Rich Dyas, to guide him through next year.

19. I, Ernest Stephens, leave my good looks to be equally divided between

William Colwell and Russell Asher.

20. I, Willard Stahl, leave my awful dignity to "Thad" Foley.

21. I, Mary Van Houtin, leave my reliability to Miss Wenz, to be generously bestowed on whomever needs it.

22. I, LeRoy Gibbons, leave a vacancy in the Boys' Glee Club that cannot

be filled.

23. I, Inez Carmichael, leave my level head and good common sense to Imogene See.

24. I, William Dugan, leave my "yelling" proclivities to Audrey Young.

25. I, Herbert Riddell, leave all difficulties behind me.

26. I, Harry Carter, leave my fountain pen at home, my pencil on the street, my book in the locker, and my paper at the book store.

27. I, Paul Means, leave my sister to Paul McMullen.

28. I, Martha Bandy, leave my frivolity to Beatrice Brittain.

29. I, Charles Stotts, leave my school record as a noble example to those who should follow it.

30. I, Genevieve Sanders, leave some peanuts on the floor.

31. I, Weston Tolliver, leave my athletic ability to my brother, Allen.

32. I, Forrest Rule, leave my glib tongue to Clarence Moss. 33. I, Carolyn Eads, leave the rest to your imagination.





Richard Dyas, President.

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS
Allen Perisho, Charles Whalen,
Vice-President. Secretary

Edward Shaw, Treasurer.

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

The Class of '23 has passed the half-way mark. We are now Juniors, but we don't feel a bit dignified. However, something similar to class pride is forming in our minds when we look back over the two years which we have successfully spent in P. H. S.

Our Freshman year was chuck full of greenness, fun, activities and unheard-of studies. Several of our boys gained places on the football squad, others found opportunities on the basketball and track teams. We tried in everything to do our best as Freshmen.

Next year we re-entered as Sophomores. We esteemed ourselves more than ever when we saw how green the young ones of the incoming Freshman class were. The Class of '23 set a pace for the other classes by winning the inter-class basketball tournament. In football, basketball, track and debating, we did our bit. The Sophomores in the Rifle Club proved that they had seen guns before in their lives. United to support all of these activities to the limit, we began to feel that we were proud to be members of the Class of '23.

Now we are Juniors! We have started well, and we are sure that with the proper amount of hard work we shall end as well. Our boys are showing up in athletics, and the girls in other activities, no less prominently than in former years. In the first quarter the Junior class attained the highest scholastic standing of any class. We still have the class play and Junior-Senior banquet to add to our list of successes. We are going to continue to work for P. H. S., and we know that if we do, all will end right with '23.

GLENN GARBER, '23.

Dyas—My dog knows as much as I do. Shoaff—Well, don't tell anyone, you might want to sell him sometime.

IUNIOR PRIZE STORY

THE PRINCESS OF THE MEADOWS

"Oh, jimminy, jimminy gee-ee, I'm as happy as I can be-ee!"

This song proceeded from behind a tall hedge where now and then a passerby might catch a glimpse of a figure in blue overalls topped by a great straw hat,

> "Oh, beware, beware, for sure I see Calamity brooding over thee!"

-answered a pert mocking voice, apparently from nowhere. The blue figure stood suddenly erect, a glistening hoe poised in mid-air, and carefully surveyed the hedge with a practised eye.

"Well, now, I'll be jiggered if that didn't sound like somebody talking," he said

"I'm so glad you think so," the voice replied sweetly; "I should hate to have you think I was a mule braying or something!

The lad felt somewhat foolish, and thinking his friends were having some fun at

his expense, returned to his task.

"Oh, what an agreeable person you are!" insisted the voice after a slight pause, "but as I said before, 'Beware!'

Puzzled, the wielder of the hoe looked up just in time to get a bombardment of hastily gathered pebbles which clattered over his hat and perilously near his face.

"W'ell, Sir Farmer the Unsociable, what have you to say for yourself now?"
"I have nothing to say for myself," stormed the boy, "but what I have to say concerning certain people who hide in hedges, and annoy a fellow on a hot day, would outscorch the sun!"

"I guess you still think me some kind of an animal," was the quick response, "because what else under the canopy could hide in a thorny hedge and retain a sweet disposition but a hedge hog!"

"Pon my word! your voice sounds familiar. Who are you anyway?"

"Oh, I'll just be an echo!"

"Since when have echoes started throwing things at a fellow?"

A half smothered laugh interrupted him, and turning in the opposite direction from the edge, he beheld his tormentor seated astride a gate post calmly surveying her victim.

Now it might be easy to defy an unseen foe, but when the foe becomes visible, and proves not to be a foe at all but a pretty girl with a bright friendly smile, the best of us are liable suddenly to lose courage. Ralph Price proved no exception and after his first astonishment, his poise suddenly left him and he kicked the uncomplaining clods unmercifully with his heavy boots, while the vivid color of his face was not altogether due to sun burn.

"Well, Ralph Price, if that's the way you welcome strangers, you ought to be taught

At this unexpected mention of his name Ralph looked up with curiosity, hoping to recognize his assailant. His glance only fell on a weather beaten fence post however, and he heard no sound except the wind as it stirred the sweet smelling clover.

"Am I getting a fever, or just seeing things?" he asked himself, and with a perplexed air resumed his hoeing. Now no cheery song issued from his lips; his curiosity thoroughly aroused, he wondered who this fair, fleeting maid might be, who appeared

from nowhere and evidently returned to the same place.

"Oh, gee!" he snorted in disgust, "I don't care who she is!" With this declaration he forcibly slammed down his hoe and sat down to rest. Thoughtfully he looked at the gate post, and as his gaze fell upon a wild rose bush which tenderly clustered about its base, his dark eyes grew reminiscent. Out of the past arose a treasured picture—a little girl scarcely nine years old standing by the gate, with her arm thrown around the post; her eager eyes watching a sun-browned, barefoot youngster, (readily seen to be himself.) who stooped to pluck the first wild rose of the season for his princess of the

"The old field wasn't all plowed up then," he mused. "There were flowers everywhere; and now nothing is left but that one bush,-Mary's rose bush." As he looked at the budding bush, he saw her as he had seen her last. She had come to say good bye; brayely she had winked back the tears which had gathered in her round gray eyes and extended her childish hand in farewell. He felt again the misery of those first few minutes, when to cover his grief, he had silently stripped the blooming bush of its



Top Row (left to right)—Clarence Moss, Richard Dyas, Jack Logan, Fenton English, Everett Rinesmith, Glenn Garber, Robert Doak, Harry Crede, Clark Piper.

Second Row—Garland Shelledy, Blanche Luther, Orla Maloney, Marion Kritz, Ernestine Simons, Lillian Twigg, Ruth Martin, Lucille Mapes, Mary Meadows, Dorothy Williams, Helen Ousley, Gerome Shepard.

Third Row—Leola Querry, Helen Dixon, Hilah Scott, Lois Neeves, Josephine Moffett, Audrey Young, Carolyn Moyer, Mary O. Dole, Margaret J. Cretors, Margaret Van-Sickle, Elsie Newman, Velora Ketterson.



Top Row (left to right)—Homer Myers, Charles Whalen, Paul Yates, John Adams, William Lydick, Wilbur Morrisey, Carl Morris.

Second Row—Ruth F. Brandenstein, Mae Davidson, Fred Curl, Isaac Zimmerly, Edward Shaw, Allen Perisho, Marabel Wade, Mary Fontana.

Third Row—Genevieve Chesrown, Gladys Tucker, Jaye Johnson, Margaret Rambo, Lydia Wieder, Beulah Gill, Helen Glatthaar.



Top Row (left to right)—Kenneth Propst, Orval Goff, Kenneth Lutz, James Roach, Ross Wright, S. Allen Cornwell.

Second Row—Sarah Landsaw, Marie Jewell, Mae Welch, Ruth McDaniel, Charles Reed, Mike Wallace, Bert Forsythe.

Third Row—Helen Eldredge, Hazel McClure, Louise Campbell, Dorothy Nuckles, Floy Wiese, Margaret Leitzel, Bessie Benson, Geneva DeLana.



Top Row (left to right)—Victor Ashley, Frank Crable, Eugene Andrews, Turner Trimble, Walter Grisham, Enos Edwards, Ellis Hickman, Charles Sanders, Robert Anthony.

Second Row—Alice Waltz, Marian Wright, Marjorie Chapman, Alice Halloran, Margaret Lollis, Dorothy Smith, Nita Morton, Helen Tiffin, Beulah Peebles, Anna Helen Mason.

Third Row—Ruth Bright, Edith Burns, Mary B. Anthony, Inez Burton, Ada Huffaker, Elfleda Whitenack, Fern Perisho, Pansy Easter, Katrina Wittick, Dorothy McCulloch.

flowers and held them out to her. He never ceased to wonder at how she had, without warning, raised on her tip-toes and kissed his brown boyish forehead, grasped the flowers, and fled over the hill.

The cattle coming home around the bend finally aroused Ralph from his reverie,

and picking up his hat he walked homeward.
"Ralph!" called Mrs. Price from the doorway, "we have a new neighbor. She is

just about your age too."

"By Jove!" he exclaimed joyfully, "that must be the girl I saw this afternoon!" His mother regarded him quizzically, shook her head and laughed, much to her son's bewilderment.

As the days passed, Ralph often heard of his new neighbor. Her witty retorts were repeated; her sparkling gayety charmed the boys and girls of the country side. From his work Ralph often saw her pass, sometimes mounted on a shaggy pony galloping furiously down the road, sometimes wandering aimlessly about on the hillside. He never appeared to see her, and she did not again try to make his acquaintance.

One sultry afternoon, almost without warning, a thunder storm descended upon the country side. Ralph hurried home and dashed into the house just as the first great drops began to fall. There, perched upon the edge of the chair, munching one of his mother's doughnuts, sat his new neighbor. Mrs. Price relieved the tension by enter-

ing at that moment.

As Marian Holt arose in acknowledgment of the introduction, Ralph Price, the despair of girls in general, had a sudden surprising premonition that she was going to be quite as likable as Mary Wells had been. Unaware of this Marian surveyed him critically and if anything whatever concerning his likableness passed through her mind, her face certainly did not show it. She made no reference to their former meeting, but spoke of the charm of the country and of her western home.
"I have a friend living in the West." he broke in. "She moved to Dartmouth, Colo-

rado, seven years ago."

"How strange! Why, that is where I live! Perhaps I know your friend."

"Her name was Mary Wells."

Marian started slightly. "I know Mary quite well," she said quietly; "tell me what she was like when a child."

Ralph's reserve melted a little as he spoke of his old friend. He told of their

many happy times, and expressed his desire to see her again.

As the weeks swept by, Marian and Ralph became warm friends. She often leaned over the fence and chatted while he worked, and walked home with him at sunset. Only once did any shade of disagreement come between them. Marian, filled with admiration at the first rose on the treasured bush, stopped to pluck it. Suddenly Ralph's face darkened.

"That is Mary's bush," he said in a low tense voice, "you must not touch it." As the startled girl proudly lifted her head, Ralph fancied he perceived a strong resemblance to some one he had seen before. The expression was fleeting, however, and with a laugh she was gone. Ralph was puzzled that she should laugh at what to him was a grave offense.

On returning home, Ralph found an invitation to attend a picnic the following Saturday, which was to be given in honor of Marian. He was also asked to come in small boy attire.

Early Saturday morning, dressed in knee trousers and crisp blouse, Ralph cut across the meadows to the picnic grounds.

"Good morning, slow poke! I've been waiting for you a full half hour."

Looking up, Ralph gasped, for there, clad in the dress he remembered her wearing seven years before stood Mary Wells and Marian Holt in one!

"Mary! Mary! Why have you deceived me so?" His old playmate regarded him smilingly. "I intended to tell you that first day, but you were so disagreeable, I thought I would let you find out for yourself.'

He looked at her as she stood with her arm thrown around the post, in the old pose, the morning sun changing her flying hair into a shower of glory. Then, to hide the tuniult within him, he silently stooped and stripped the treasured bush of its blooms. and held them out to his "Princess of the Meadows."

Martha Leitzel '23.

SOPHOMORE





SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

Kathryn Mitchell, Herschel Helmor, President. Vice-President. Robert Davis, Secretary Russel Asher, Treasurer.

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

Behold the Class of '24. 'Tis true we were subjected, as Freshies last year, to the hardships of high school life. Secretly quaking, we entered the assembly room, where clamorous cries of "Freshy, Freshy," reached our ears. No doubt we were just as "green" as any class that had preceded us, and for several days we scurried about clutching our program slips as a drowning man clutches a straw, making many mortifying excursions into unfamiliar class rooms.

But all of these experiences are now in the dim past. Our scope of interest is becoming broadened, for now we are ancient and honorable Sophomores. Athletic material, which was slow to develop during our previous year, has pushed forward, and our members have won places on the various teams. We have contributed enthusiastic workers to Glee club and literary activities. We now look not into the past, but to the splendid future, and the greater victories to come in our Junior year.

Louise Arthur. '24.

SOPHS, ATTENTION!

The cows are in the meadow,

The sheep are in the grass,

Not all the simple minds

Are in the Freshman class.





SOPHOMORES

1921-1922

Arbuckle, Roscoe Arthur, Louise Asher, Russell Baker, Katherine Barr, Lela Beatty, Pauline Bouslog, Olive Brewer, Miriam Brittain, Beatrice Brunsman, Eleanor Cameron, Victor Carnahan, Harold Carnahan, Ralph Chrisman, Madge Coady, George Cockroft, Josephine

Collier, Elsie Collier, Garnet Conklin, Oliver Cotterman, Dale Cox, Cleo Cox, Virginia Curtis, Byron Davidson, Pearl Davis, Robert Day, Anna May Day, Luella DeHaven, Hazel Dillon, Joseph Dodd, Mary Drake, Jennie May Dugan, Lawrence Egan, Anna Mary Ewing, Arnold Fletcher, Hazel Foley, Mary Katherine Foley, Leon Francis, Harriet Fugua, Clarence Garvin, Cecilia Glick, Dorothy Green, Evelyn Greenwalt, June Hardy, Famie Harrison, Ruth Helmor, Hershel Herring, Isabelle Hickman, Thelma Hogue, Elsie Hooper, Francis Huffman, Lonnie Huffman, Louise Humerickhouse, Roy Hurst, Hugh Huston, Louis Jacobs, Floyd Jenks, Kenneth Johnson, Gerald Kauffman, Mary Elizabeth Kelso, Harry Keltz, Edna Kimble, George Knight, Zella Latshaw, Martha Lauher, Lowell Lewellyn, Merle Link, Florence Lutz, Henry

Lydick, William

May, Lola Mapes, Donald Martin, Brent Menke, Arthur Mercer, Edna Miller, Ruth Miller, Lucille Miller, Walter Mitchell, Kathryn Morris, Stella Moss, Arnold Mullins, Lester Murphy, Gladys McCallister, Lelia McClure, Mary McMullen, Allen McMullen, Paul Niles, Augustus Parsley, Lillie Perkins, Louise Pifer, Joe Porter, Jessie Potts, Kenneth Pratt, Lawrence Reese, Arthur Ress. Helen Ricketts, Leo See, Imogene See, Loren Shipley, Lester Silverman, Harry Southard, Janet Spung, Helen Sunkel, Everett Terrell, Elsie Tesst, Ida Mae Tesst, Josephine Thiel, Mary Elizabeth Tucker, Fern Ulrich, Lena Vice, Josephine Waters, Chester Watson, Christine Watson, Mary Watson, Rachael Weaver, Erma Weston, Arthur Whitcher, Beatrice Whitton, John Wright, Harris Wright. Helen Yonce, Ruth Younger, Dorothy Zimmerly, Christine

SOPHOMORE PRIZE STORY THE HEART OF DONSDALE HIGH

When Coach Johnson, of Donsdale High, called for bootball men, he was putting his greatest hopes in John Roberts, whom he was expecting to play one of the halfback positions. He had heard a rumor that was all over the school that John Roberts was not going to report for football. This was Coach Johnson's second season at Donsdale; he had coached a winning football team the season before, and he knew Roberts to be the only man

that could hold that position down and hold it right.

He went through the list of names twice, but John Roberts' name was not there. The coach was worried. He found Roberts at his room that night. As Roberts opened the door the coach nodded and took a chair opposite where the boy seated himself. After a silence of a few minutes, the coach's big voice rolled out, "Roberts, what is the big idea in not reporting for football? Last year you were a speedy and powerful player. This year you are sure of a place, and it means a great career in college for you as a football player. If you don't come out everyone will say that you are yellow, and you will lose all your friends."

The coach saw that he had touched the feelings of the big, strong, broadchested fellow, so he arose and placed his hand on the boy's shoulder saying, "Roberts, you had better think this over carefully and be out tomorrow afternoon."

After Johnson had departed the boy picked up a letter which was from home. As he read, tears appeared in his eyes. The next afternoon the Coach was not the least bit surprised when Roberts did not appear on the field because he was sure he had read in the boy's face the evening before a hopeless look. In the hall, in classrooms, on the streets, and even among the interested business men, the chief point of interest and topic of conversation was about Roberts—why he, a star of last year, did not report for football. Was it because he was yellow?

As the days dragged on everyone was interested in the coming game with Harrisburg, a small town which was reported to have the worst team of the valley. This game was one week off. After practice one night the coach nodded gravely and said to himself, "If we only had Roberts!" He had placed Shorty Wilson in as the other halfback, who, although too light, was a gritty little player. The game rolled around with the Donsdale rooters covering the bleachers. Everyone was full of pep, but all were worried because of the weakness of their backfield. After a hard fight, the Donsdale players defeated Harrisburg by a 14 to 7 score. The coach saw that this playing would never do against Rossville, which was an old rival, and which had lost to Donsdale for three straight years. The one thing that he needed was Roberts, but how could be get him? He had tried every way. He had even sent his chums to encourage him to come out for football, but of no avail.

Meanwhile John had been having a hard time. In the letter from home his parents had stated that he must give up his school and come home, because they were about to fail in business and could not send him to school unless he could get a job after school and work his way through. He grimly gritted his teeth, and started out for a job one afternoon after school. He succeeded in getting one at a clothing store for afternoons after school. As he left the school he would watch the football boys in suits, jesting and starting to the football field to practice. There was a great longing deep down in his heart to be with them.

The coach had finally, in a last desperate hope, decided to go and talk to the boy again and find out his troubles. Leaving the football team to the assistant coach, he went to see the boy. He came to the boy's room and knocked but there was no response. After repeating this he went on in. Finding no one there he decided to wait. While looking around his eyes fell on a written sheet of paper lying on the floor. Through curiosity he picked it up and read it. It proved to be part of the letter which the boy had The coach mused for a while, then he left with a received from home. smile on his face. That night he wrote a long letter to the boy's parents whom he knew were not near bankruptcy. In a few days John Roberts received a letter from home which read: "Dearest Son: I was afraid you would play football and get hurt, so we told you to get a job after school. Then we knew you wouldn't play football. You will find some money in this

The next afternoon John Roberts appeared in a football uniform; boys velled as the big fellow sent a punt to the other end of the field. When John went up to the coach and reported there was a broad grin on the Coach's face, which John could not understand until his father told him all about it the following summer. One Friday evening after a hard work out, John walked home with Shorty Wilson whose place he had taken. "Well, John," said the little fellow, "you took my place away from me, but we can sure win

with you tomorrow against Rossville."

On the following day the Rossville rooters and players thought they would walk all over Donsdale because they had beaten Harrisburg 73 to o while Donsdale only beat them 14 to 7. The Donsdale rooters were wild when they saw big John Roberts pull his sweater off and run to the field. Each side fought hard and the first half ended o to o. The Rossville line, however, was giving way to line plunges made by John Roberts again and again, gaining ground each time. In the third quarter the Donsdale rooters were wild when Roberts ran for a touchdown, but the center failed to kick The Donsdale rooters were stilled when Rossville's halfback made a touchdown and kicked goal. The third quarter ended 7 to 6 in favor of Rossville.

John Roberts was hurt in the fourth quarter, but got up and whispered to the quarterback to call him around left end which seemed to be a weak point. All he could think of was that Donsdale was depending on him. The ball sped straight to his hands and he dodged the end and ran the halfback down, crossing the goal line for a touchdown, for which he had run eighty yards. Just after he made the touchdown the whistle blew for the end of the The Donsdale rooters were wild. They paraded through the streets cheering and carrying John Roberts on their shoulders for he was indeed "The Heart of Donsdale."

Russel Asher, '24

A Terrible Catastrophe

Speed McGowan: Ma, Mush has been hurt at football.

Fond Mother: What does the telegram say?

Little McGowan: Nose broken. How shall I have it set—Greek or Roman?

What are you plowing up your front vard for, Dink?

Dink Shoaff: I just bought a new camera and the instructions say to break up the foreground before taking a picture.





FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

Leo Wade, President. Allen Stalnaker, Vice-President.

John Papadakos, Secretary William Link, Treasurer.



MID-YEAR FRESHMEN

1921-1922

Andrews, Reeds Ballard, Harold Bell, Mary Lou Black, Gertrude Bovill, Minnie Brengle, Newell Cassady, Leona Chapman, Margaret Crabtree, Richard Curl, Elizabeth Curtis, Frances Davis, Lela Doak, Nelle Katherine Drake, Ralph Eads, James Fidler, Lola Foley, Thaddeus Grable, Gladys Hardy, Goldy Haug, Ethel Heck, Pauline Henry, William Henson, Clara Henson, Lucile Hollinger, Margaret Holt, Elnora Holt, Lola Huffaker, Forrest

James, George Jones, Marcella Luckenbill, Robert May, Sarah Alice Means, Carl Means, Frances Miller, Aud ey Mopps, Paul Moren, Albert Mover, Thomas, Ir. McCalmont, Marion McCollum, Lester McGowan, Ted Propst, Elsie Ross, Genevieve Sampson, Mable Schleicher, Bert Seitz, John Stephens, Louise Stevenson, Louise Stewart, Marsalene Stotts, Homer Walter, Grace Walton, Erma Williams, Louise Wisely, Dorothy Zimmerly, Fred



FRESHMEN

1921-1922

Adams, Nolen Anderson, Jack Ashley, James Barr, Helen Bell, Marvin Bickett, Alice Mae Blaker, James Boyd, Richard Brown, Dorothea Burton, Molly Jane Bussart, Gertrude Calvin, Thelma Caylor, Virginia Chamness, Lena Cockroft, Leora Cornwell, Allen Cox, Howard Crabtree, Genevieve Cunningham, Delpha Davis, Faye Elam, Lafern Eldredge, Ruth Frazier, Paul Garber, Mary Gilivary, Paul Gillespy, Frank Graham, Allen Guyon, Harold Hale, Russell Harrison, Esther Hockett, Jane Honnold, Paul Kees, Nellie

Kelso, James Ketner, Howard Kincaid, Stewart Allen King, Voilet Link, William Manuel, Orvel Martin, Thelma Means, Cyril Miller, John Moody, Mary Elizabeth Moore, Pearl McGee, Nelle Papadakos, John Parrish, Allen Reed, Goldie Reynolds, Lloyd Roll, Daniel Savage, Mary See, Arthur Smith, Florence Smith, George Stalnaker, Alan Stevenson, Margaret Summers, Martha Sunkel, Charles Thiel, Ella Tilman, Alberta Tolliver, Allen Wade, Leo Weston, Neoma White, Elbon Whitworth, Nathaniel

FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

January 24, 1921, fifty-five Freshmen crossed the threshold of P. H. S., and on September 5, seventy others followed in our footsteps. We will admit we were rather "green" at first and were the source of much amusement for the upper classmen, but this didn't last long, for we soon became accustomed to the new order of things, and adapted ourselves accordingly.

Not many took part in athletics the first year, but we have many promising athletes, and those athletes who did take part came out with high honors. We have always been ready to lend a helping hand to all charity and relief drives. We also proved this to questioning persons and students in the Armenian Relief Fund, and the selling of Red Cross stamps. In fact, our class sold over half the number allotted to the school.

All classes have ambition, and so have we! Our ambition is to leave the high school with a perfect record, a record that will give us pleasure in knowing that the other classes will endeavor to follow in our footsteps. May we always live up to that standard!

ETHEL HAUG. '25.

MID-YEAR FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

Last September, the now mid-year Freshman class of Paris High School, entered the eight A class of Mayo School. Intermingled with our studies, which required most of our time, we had a number of good times together. As a token of our pleasant memories of happy days in Mayo and of our appreciation of the patience of our worthy teachers, we published a Mayo Annual, called the "Argus." which was the first book of its kind to be published in the history of Mayo School. For the first time in the history of the school our class also presented a class play, entitled "A Brave Little Tomboy."

With the success of our play and graduating exercises which were held the same evening, our debut into high school was well recognized. Our high school career has been short and uneventful so far. Several of our class have joined the basketball team. We are doing our best to prove ourselves as loyal to P. H. S. as the other classes have been, by attending basketball games, debates and showing the right school spirit in all ways.

We also hope to make a reputation for ourselves that will never be forgotten in the years to come.

MARIAN E. WILLIAMS, '26.

Life is a joke All things show it. Look at the Freshman, Then you'll know it.



MID-YEAR FRESHMEN OF 1922

Helen Barr Mae Blair Katherine Blair Irene Bunnell Evelyn Case Drusie Collier Donald Cox Mary Elizabeth Crabtree Mary Emma Curl Ethel Davis Nellie Delashmit John Dickerson Ina Downey Clayton Eldredge Anna Evitt Lois Garber Margaret Graham Marie Gumm Edward Hill Grace Horn Leonard Jackson Raymond Johnson Helen Kirsten

Nola Fern Kline Mary Louise Lacy Lucile McClure Daisy McGuinn Marjorie McGuinn Mary McKnight Howard Middleton Lawrence Middleton Elizabeth Miller Frieda Monroe Dorothy Morris Hildred Newell Edmund Payne Fred Perry Louisa Perry Gertrude Plew Marian Rambo Jess Shelledy Owen Sunkel Daphna Swinford Vera Templeton Mary Elizabeth Thomas Marian Williams

Father: I had a note from your teacher today. Son: That's all right; I'll keep it quiet.

Harry Carter: I was born on the very day that Grant died. Byron Stewart: Misfortunes never come singly.

FRESHMAN PRIZE STORY

THE SILENT HOSTS

One Hallowe'en we girls from Wesleyan,—Barbara, Josephine, Mildred, and I—were out on a lark. Because it was Hallowe'en the matron at the girls' Dormitory gave us special permission to stay out longer than usual. We were nearing the city limits, when we noticed we were in front of a house said to be haunted. Mildred dared me to go in, and of course all the others chimed in. Though I was so frightened I could hardly walk. I took the dare, and slowly made my way to the door.

I hesitated before going in, but I finally opened the door, and found myself in a big hall with massive oak doors. Before I realized what was happening the door closed behind me. What was my horror to find it locked! Too frightened to find other means of escape, I sat down in a chair, which to my horror began to move slowly out from the wall. I jumped from the chair and made a leap for the stairs. Before I knew what I was doing I found myself half way up the stairs. Afraid to go back I hurriedly climbed the remaining steps. I entered the first open door, and found myself in a bed room. I locked the door behind me, and sat down to try to collect my wits, and to think what was best to do.

I tiptoed down the steps. In the massive hall below, I saw about fifteen headless creatures, some standing in a row making signs and pointing at me. Others were going around in a circle singing a weird song. Soon I found myself surrounded by all those headless creatures. I screamed for my friends, but this only caused my silent hosts to deal more severely with me.

I was led up a secret stairway into a den which had no light except for the flickering glimmer of a small candle. I noticed a table surrounded by eighteen chairs, all of them empty. I was blindfolded and put in a chair which started slowly down, down into what I did not know. Finally the chair stopped, somebody put something awful down my throat. They took the cloth from my eyes and I saw I was in a room lighted only by two candles. An old witch came from a corner, put something around my neck, blindfolded me again, and sent me back up stairs in the chair. Here they made me touch one of the creatures and do all sorts of other horrible things.

Again the cloth was removed from my eyes, and to my surprise I saw a lot of my school mates. But how much greater surprise and joy it was to me to know I had been initiated into and was now a member of the best known sorority in the college, Kappa Kappa Gamma.

Alice Mae Bickett, '25.

Freshmen know not and know not that they know not; Sophomores know not and know that they know not; Juniors know but know not that they know; Seniors know (everything) and know that they know.

TO FRESHMEN FLUNKERS

Sometime you mean to mend your ways.

Why don't you do it now?

You hope to win the whole world's praise,
Why don't you do it now?

You've always read in prose or rhyme,
"The present is the golden time."

If you are ever going to climb,
Why don't you do it now?

In short no matter what you've planned,
If you have work right in your hand,
Why don't you do it now?

Successful men are never late;

You'll fail if you procrastinate.

If you have vowed to conquer fate,
You'd better start in now!

LLOYD HARTLEY, '22.

The prettiest—Margaret J. Cretors. Most popular—B. Shively. Most impudent—C. Mapes. Most affectionate—K. Wittick. Most attractive—M. O. Dole. Best Dancer—Colwell. Most Sensible—I. Carmichael. Luckiest-"Ed" Shaw. Most tactful—L. Gibbons. Peppiest—M. Lydick. Most talkative—F. Rule. Most literary—L. Hartley. Funniest—R. Dyas. Noisiest-L. Forcum. Busiest—C. Eads. In best with faculty—G. Garber. In worst with faculty—J. Dickerson. Best looking—D. Jones. Best natured—"Mick" Piper. Most school spirit—W. Dugan. Best sports—C. & K. Jenks. Wisest—R. Patton. Wittiest—A. Shoaff.

Miss Baldwin (in Freshman English class): "Name three kinds of sentences."

Billy Link: "Five year, ten year, and life."

ACTIVITIES





ALETHENAI OFFICERS

Charles Jenks, president; Ernest Stephens, vice-president; Josephine Moffet, secretary-treasurer.



ALETHENAL

Top row (left to right). lnez Carmichael, Carolyn Moyer, John Adams, Lyman Yates, Lloyd Hartley.

Second row, Josephine Moffett, Harry Crede, James Sullivan, George Coady, Robert Doak, Paul McMullen, Ernest Stephens.

Third row, Katrina Wittick, Glenn Garber, Arnold Trimble, Turner Trimble, Fred Zimmerly, Allen Cornwell, Charles Jenks.

Fourth row, Ada Huffaker, Stella Morris, Lucille Mapes, Dorothy Williams, Mary Meadows, Margaret VanSickle, Dorothy Smith, Fred Dodd.

Fifth row, Lydia Wieder, Audrey Young, Elsie Newman, Dorothy McCulloch, Beulah Gill, Margaret J. Cretors, Ernest Simons, Marjorie Chapman, Mary L. Coady.

THE ALETHENAI

The Alethenai of the school year 1921-22 extends to the Freshmen, who wish to become members, an invitation; to the Seniors, a farewell; and to the stand-byes, the Juniors and Sophs, an old fashioned howdy-do. Under the counselorship of Miss Huston and Miss Pierce, we have had remarkable guidance and wise criticisms. The members of the program committee have used their best judgment in the preparation of programs, and the members have willingly fulfilled their duty in working them up. What more could we ask? Just this—we hope that the Alethenai Literary Society will have as much prosperity in the years to come as it has had in the past, so as to keep up the standard of the best literary society in Paris High.

A. J. M. '23, Secretary.

Officers:

Program Committee—Inez Carmichael (Chairman), Glen Garber, Marjorie Chapman.

Executive Committee—Russell Patton, Lloyd Hartley, Ernestine Simons.

THE TIGER

For years Paris High has been thinking of a plan to publish a small periodical which would give an insight into high school life, and yet not be so expensive as the Annual which is issued by the Senior class each year. At last a plan has been adopted whereby each month an eight page periodical will be published by the students of the school.

Naturally the Senior class must have the honor of publishing the first edition. For this purpose a Senior meeting was held February 15, 1922 and the following staff officers were elected to write up and print the paper:

Editor-in-chief	John Sunkel
Business Manager	
News Editor	
Society Editor	
Story Page Editor	
Sport Editor, Girls	
Sport Editor, Boys	Bernie Shively
Joke Editor	

The title that has been selected is very appropriate for Paris High, being "The Tiger." "The Tiger" will be first published on March 1, and thereafter at the first of each school month. The Juniors will issue the April number, the Sophomores the May edition, and the Freshmen the June issue. Each copy will sell for the unheard-of sum of three cents, thereby bringing it within the reach of all.



Top Row, Leo Wade, Robert Doak, Harry Crede, Paul Frazier, Russell Patton, Allen Cornwell, Charles Jenks, Isaac Zimmerly, Glen Garber, William Dugan, Mr. Moss.

Second Row, Fred Zimmerly, John Papadakos, Kenneth Jenks, Turner Trimble, Garland Shelledy, Jack Anderson, Richard Crabtree.

THE PHYSTICUPHS

Three years ago a group of progressive, energetic students met together to encourage the art of debating in the Paris High School. They created what has since been called the "Physticuphs." This society has since then been kept prominently before the student body, both by the general interest of the school and the prominent part it has played in the past by its members being active participants in both inter-society and inter-scholastic debates. The organization has striven and is now striving to keep before its members what a debate really is, that it is not a discussion held merely for the sake of argument, but that it is an endeavor on the part of the speaker to prove that the proposition is either true or false. Perhaps what the debater learns more than anything else is to present to other men the truth as he sees it. The Physticuphs have held to these principles and the benefit of such discussions, the acquiring of that ability to speak in public cannot be overestimated. This year the Physticuphs appointed four of their number to uphold the honor of the school in the dual debate with Marshall High School. This is the outstanding event in debating circles this year and we hope that other schools will follow us in instituting inter-scholastic debates. We call to mind another benefit resulting from our debating clubs, namely, the associations and the friendships which we make. The membership of the society being small we become more intimately acquainted with one another than if we merely mingled with the student body as a whole. Therefore we who are leaving wish to appeal to those who are not members to stand by one of the leading societies of the school, and as the school enlarges and enters wider fields of work, we hope the Physticuphs will keep pace with it.

Russell Patton, Pres.



WRANGLERS

Top row (left to right) Ernestine Simons, Carolyn Moyer, Audrey Young.

Second row, Margaret J. Cretors, Mary O. Dole, Carolyn Eads, Marjorie Chapman, Mary Fontana, Inez Carmichael.

Third row, Stella Morris, Dorothy McCulloch, Miss Huston, Josephine Moffett, Kathryn Mitchell.

THE WRANGLERS

The Wranglers, following their policy of last year, are continuing to held interesting bi-weekly meetings. The most enthusiastic meeting for the year of 1921-22 was held January 10. The debate was: Resolved, that the students of Paris High should be allowed to dance on the new gym floor. Needless to say, the decision was unanimous in favor of the affirmative. We wish to thank Miss Huston for her aid and counsel to the club and all others who have in any way helped the Wranglers.

The officers for the year have been:

President	Carolyn Eads
Vice-President	Carolyn Moyer
Secretary-Treasurer	Stella Morris
Chairman Program Committee	Inez Carmichael
	Stella Morris '24.
	•

Helen S.: Do you ever think of the future? Ruth Frances B.: No, it's my birthday tomorrow and I'm thinking of the present.

THE DUAL DEBATE

One of the many important events of the year was the Dual Debate with Marshall. You remember that last year P. H. S. challenged Marshall to a debate in which both of the Paris teams were victorious. This year Marshall challenged us to a debate on the subject, "Resolved, that the Government of the United States should own and operate the coal mines, constitutionality granted." Early in December, teams were chosen from the rosters of the Wranglers and Physticuphs. The affirmative team chosen was composed of Inez Carmichael '22, Russell Patton '22, and Harry Crede '23. Carolyn Eads '22, Margaret Jane Cretors '23, and Glenn Garber '23 were chosen for the negative team. The same rules that were used last year were in effect this year. According to them our affirmative team went to Marshall to meet their negative team, while our negative team fought it out with Marshall's affirmative on our home floor.

As soon as the teams were chosen, work commenced. First the Paris Library was thoroughly scanned for arguments. Then all available material in the Illinois State Library, Indiana State Library, and the Library of the University of Illinois was used. We made a trip to Terre Haute, where the library of that city was compelled to divest itself of some of its secrets. Carolyn Eads and Russell Patton, the persons who were to rebut for the two teams, read and reread books, magazines, and pamphlets in search of material suitable for refutation. At last we worked out our speeches and then our coaches, Miss Huston and Mr. Moss, aided by Miss Wenz, Miss Pierce, and Miss Frazier, began to shape us into something like unto respectable debaters. February 8th came. The affirmative left for Marshall, accompanied by our best wishes for success, while the negative team prepared to meet the Marshall trio.

In the Paris High School auditorium words flew thick and fast. Marshall did well, but when the judges thought it over, they decided that Paris had the edge on them, and so gave a two to one decision. At Marshall our affirmative was defeated by a two to one decision, for Marshall was determined not to allow the double defeat of last year to be repeated. However, we are assured that the affirmatives kept up the old fighting record of Paris High. By agreement, both of the schools, Marshall and Paris, receive a pennant for having each won a debate. Moreover Paris debaters are to be accorded the additional honor of receiving a "P" from the school. We are sure that we shall feel as proud of them as any athletic star ever felt of his athletic "P."

In conclusion we wish to thank those who supported the teams by coaching, rooting, or helping in any way to make these contests successful. We wish to thank Mr. Bernie McClain for his kindness to the Marshall affirmative and Paris negative teams after the debate here.

Glenn Garber '23.

William Lydick (trying to get acquainted with a new Freshie girl): Say were you in California last summer?

Girl: Why, no.

Lydick: What a coincidence! Neither was I.



THE VOCATIONAL AGRICULTURE CLUB

Motto:

If in vain our toil, Blame the culture, not the soil.

The Vocational Agriculture Club of Paris High School was reorganized under the direction of Mr. Moss on November 28, 1921. It consists of twenty-six members. The object is to promote interest in vocational agriculture and to develop a spirit of fellowship among the students whose interests lie in the production of farm products. The activities of the club are not entirely agricultural, but include athletics and refreshments. The club realizes that agriculture has as much to gain by developing a rural citizenship from a social standpoint as it has to increase crop production. This is true because the greatest crop the land can produce is the people and the large crops of corn, oats, and wheat are only secondary in importance.

The officers of the club are as follows:

President	Earl Wilson
Vice President	
Secretary	Howard Wright
Treasurer	

Howard Wright '22.

THE "AG" CLUB BANQUET

On March 17th, 1922, a delicious banquet was served by the girls of the Domestic Science Department to the members of the Vocational Agriculture Club and their fathers. The menu consisted of:

Rost Pork Scalloped Corn

Mashed Potatoes Gravy
Salad

Hot Rolls Butter

Jelly

Lemon Pie Coffee

After the supper Mr. John Moss, acting as toastmaster, addressed a few words in greeting to the fathers. Mr. H. M. Hinkle then gave us an address concerning school work. Dr. Lydick, president of the School Board, gave us a few interesting remarks about his early farm life and the difference between the life on the farm in his boyhood and at the present time. Dr. Lydick expressed a wish that some of the boys present should tell something of their agriculture work in school. He was answered by the president of the club, Earl Wilson, who told of the work of the Agriculture Club and also something of the nature of the way agriculture was taken up in the class room. Mr. Forcum spoke of the construction of the new building, and of the need of the help and co-operation of the community. The principal address of the evening was given by Prof. Nolan of the University of Illinois. Mr Nolan is a good speaker and told us a great deal about the value of the farm, also the need of more boys staying on the farm. Everyone enjoyed the evening, and expressed the hope that the "Ag" clubs of future years may look forward to such a banquet.

Earl Wilson '22, Pres.

Mary Belle Anthony: Are all teachers book-worms?

Florence Link: No, geometry teachers are not.

M. B. A.: What are they? F. L.: Angle-worms.

"Doctor," said Art Weston, "I'm a victim of insomnia and don't get to school on time. A slight noise such as a cat on the back fence wakes me."

"This powder will be effective," replied Dr. Lydick.

"When do I take it, Doctor?"

"You don't take it. You give it to the cat in a little milk."

Ernest Stephens: I hear you are a very strong man.

John Sunkel: Yes, I get in a boat every morning and pull up the river.



THE RIFLE CLUB

The Rifle Club, although the newest organization in P. H. S., has already become a very popular activity for the boys. This club was organized last year. A range was set up on the third floor of the school, and guns, targets, and ammunition were supplied by the Government. This year we received our supply of ammunition just after the close of our football season. A few repairs were made on the range and in a short time the lead began to fly in all directions. Realizing that we could not be too precautious, everything possible was done to prevent any accident. There were certain rules and regulations to abide by, and any member who broke one of these was to be suspended from the club.

From our membership of thirty-five, five squads were formed. Each one soon felt the responsibility to his squad and strove to make every shot count, since it was agreed that the two squads having the lowest average were to furnish a banquet at the close of the year. This has caused keen competition, and some very good marksmanship and several excellent marksmen have

been developed.

The officers for the year are:

President	Charles Jenks
Secretary	Allen Perisho
Treasurer	
Executive Officer	

Charles Jenks, Pres.

Cecil Mapes: I want the life of Caesar.

Librarian: I am sorry, sir, but Brutus was ahead of you.

GOOD SCHOLARSHIP LEGION

The Good Scholarship Legion is an organization in P. H. S., membership in which depends on scholarship alone. The following students have made a grade of ninety or above in four subjects during one or more quarters of the school year:

SENIORS

Esther Adams Inez Carmichael Fred Dodd Carolyn Eads Alice Emrick Lelia Green Cecil Mapes

Alta Moore Alan Shoaff Ernest Stephens John Sunkel (5 A plus') Earl Wilson Lucile Yowell

JUNIORS

Genevieve Chesrown George Coady Harry Crede Margaret Jane Cretors Robert Doak Mary Osborne Dole

Enos Edwards Mary Fontana (4 A plus') Glenn Garber Allan Perisho Edward Shaw Marian Wright

SOPHOMORES

Pauline Beatty Josephine Cockroft Louis Huston Kathryn Mitchell

FRESHMEN

Minnie Bovill Marion McCalmont Leora Cockroft Nelle McGee

John Papadakos Mary Savage Alan Stalnaker Neoma Weston

Miss Wenz: Have we retained any customs of ancient Greeks?

Bernie: Well, we still throw the discus.

Prof: Can you tell me something of the Iron Age?

Stude: Well, I'm a bit rusty on that subject.



NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

The Class of '21 presented "Nothing But The Truth" at Shoaff's Opera House, June 1, 2, 1921. At both performances the Opera House was crowded

to over-flowing and some were turned away.

The work of each and every one of the case was constant, and each was a star in his part. The part of leading lady was very artistically handled by Miss Anna Louise Gumm as Gwen Ralston. Owen Albert, playing opposite her as Bob, was equally successful in his part. Marion Chapman as Mabel Jackson, a chorus girl, contributed largely to the humor of the play. Space does not permit the mention of each player; however, the parts were exceedingly well suited to the players, and it may easily be said that "Nothing But The Truth" was the best and most successful play ever staged in the city by an amateur cast.

The cast was as follows:

Bob Bennett	Owen Albert
C. M. Ralston	
Clarence VanDusen	Jack Moyer
Dick Donnelly	Arthur Headley
Bishop Doran	Morton Leath
Gwen Ralston	
Mrs. E. M. Ralston	Martha Logan
Ethel Clark	Esther Levings
Mabel Jackson, Chorus Girl	
Sabel Jackson, Chorus Girl	Louise Means
Martha, a maid	Josephine Taflinger

L. M., '21.

SOMETHING NEEDED IN P. H. S.

Mr. Burbank, since you can turn a cactus into a feather-bed, can't you put brains into a cabbage head?

Father: Why are you always behind in your studies?

Son: So that I may pursue them.

"This speech is entirely extemporaneous," said the man on the platform as he took some notes out of his vest pocket.

Fern Hybarger: Is there anything sadder than, "A Man Without a Country?"

Ruth Pearman: Yes, a country without a man.

He: Here is a hairpin, is it yours?

She (icily): No, mine are brown, that is black. He: Hmm, my fountain pen has been leaking again.

Fred Curl telling Bernie Shively about his new girl:

Bernie: Is she affectionate?

Fritz: No-I think she is Spanish.

PRIZE WINNERS

P. H. S. PRIZE WINNERS

Paris High School presents with pardonable pride her page of prize winners in dramatics, athletics, and music for the year 1920-21. In the Oratorical Contest held at Charleston in May, P. H. S. carried off two seconds.

DRAMATICS

CHARLES N. JENKS—Charles gave that irresistibly comic reading: "Sister Caroline's Speaking." Passing the preliminary contest easily, he won second place in the humorous section of the final contest, and brought home a silver medal.

FRED O. DODD—Fred, representing P. H. S. in the Modern Poetry section, also won second place and a silver medal. His selection was "The Hell-Gate of Soissons" by Herbert Kaufman. His ease of manner, clearness of voice, and sympathetic interpretation of the poem easily declared him a winner.

ATHLETICS

BERNARD A. SHIVELY—If there were only one reason why the class of '22 stood forth head and shoulders over the other classes, that reason would be found in the person of Bernard Armstead Shively, 200 pound full-back. It is quite an honor to be captain of the football, basketball, and track teams as well as class president; still Shively was all of these. Shively is well known throughout the State as a weight thrower, and it is this pre-eminence in track and field alone which has really put Paris on the map of athletics. This is where Bernard comes in as a prize winner, as he has broken many records on home and foreign fields as well as winning the first prizes at Chicago and Terre Haute in the hammer and shot respectively. Shively holds, or rather has held, the Tiger records in the hammer for the last two meets, and the Charleston javelin record of 158 feet 11½ inches. President and captain Shively graduates this year, and with him goes a flock of field records and a sincere regret that he will not be with the Tiger teams in '23.

MUSIC

Paris High School made its initial appearance at the Music Festival at Charleston in May, 1921. Entering both the Boys' and Girls' Solo Contests and the Glee Club Contest, she won, by unanimous vote of the judges, first place in every event.

ANNA LOUISE GUMM—Anna Louise, with her rich contralto voice, easily ranked first in her faultless rendering of "The Spirit Flower" by Campbell-Tipton. A week later she succeeded in bringing home the gold medal from Decatur also, having won first place in a voice contest at Millikin University.

LEROY GIBBONS—LeRoy, entered in the Boys' Solo Contest, far outclassed any of his competitors. His selection "My Dreams" by Tosti showed him to be the possessor of a voice of unusual power and quality.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

To add to these honors the judges, without a dissenting vote, gave first place to the Girls' Glee Club. With seven schools competing, our girls gave evidence of the best voices and the best training. They gave "Blow, Soft Winds" by Vincent. The prize for this event was a beautiful wall placque.



MUSIC





BOYS' GLEE CLUB

During the first few weeks of school about twenty ambitious young men presented themselves for the test and were destined to be or not to be members of the Boys' Glee Club. Of the twenty, seventeen qualified. We new members, from the first had to look up to the more experienced, some of whom have acquired an enviable local fame. Aided by these superiors, the Glee Club became masters (?) of several pieces. Our first trial in public was experienced at the teachers' institute. After this, public appearances came rapidly in succession. We sang at a banquet given at the Baptist church, and also were called upon several times during the Farmers' Institute. Probably the feature of the semester was a musical program given by the two Glee clubs under the able supervision of Miss Gaddis, our instructor.

We have been recently slightly handicapped by the loss of several members due to a confliction of classes. Despite this fact, the Glee clubs are now uniting to assist the Tuesday Choral Club in a rather large undertaking, that of successfully presenting the "Mikado." In this enterprise we shall make up the general choruses.

As a last word, in behalf of the Boys' Glee Club, I wish to thank our efficient instructor, Miss Gaddis, for her interest in and patience with this organization, and assure her that we appreciate the fact that all of our past and possibly future accomplishments are due in a large measure to her. Turner Trimble '23.



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club, consisting of twenty-nine members, was organized in the fall of 1921 under the capable direction of Miss Elizabeth Gaddis. While this is Miss Gaddis' first year as supervisor of music in the Paris High School, she has not failed to maintain the same high standards of music which have formerly been held.

On various occasions during the year, the Glee Club has shown its musical ability and has received much deserved praise. In December, the Boys' and Girls' Glee clubs combined, gave a concert in the assembly hall of the high school which proved to be a complete success. The club has also furnished music on various other occasions throughout the year.

Last year the Girls' Glee Club under the supervision of Miss Marjorie Nelson, took part in a musical contest at Charleston, in which they carried off all the honors both in chorus and solos. The Glee Club this year is planning and working for similar honors this season.

While a good many of the members graduate this year, and their joyful voices will no longer be heard, here's to the success of the Glee Club next year and in the years to come!

E. L. F. '22



GENERAL CHORUS

The Paris High School Chorus of 1921-22 was organized at the first of the year under the leadership of Miss Gaddis. It started with twenty students, but during the first few weeks there was a number of additions, so there are now thirty-one enrolled. The chorus meets one period a week on Friday afternoons. The students, as well as their instructor, are working faithfully, and look forward to the Friday afternoon periods with much pleasure.

Pauline Beatty '24.



FOOTBALL

During what was undoubtedly the greatest football season ever experienced in the annals of P. H. S., the Tigers defeated some of the strongest football elevens of the Wabash Valley, three teams being held scoreless. The Tigers won 5 games, lost 3, and forfeited 1, thus giving the team a percentage of better than 500%.

The football squad as well as every loyal student in Paris High, appreciates the work done by Coach Murphree in producing the most successful football team that ever defended the Orange and Black goal posts. It was by his untiring efforts that Paris was put on the football map for the first time

in gridiron history.

The initial contest of the season of '21 was with Wiley at Terre Haute. We journeyed over to the red and white battle grounds fully prepared to bring back the bacon. Though defeated, 13-0, the coach learned the respective abilities and merits of each player, thus enabling him to put on the field a more dangerous and effective machine than heretofore, and the eleven was primed for the forthcoming game with Hutsonville.

The following Saturday the team redeemed itself by crushing the Hutson-ville eleven in an avalanche of touch downs, resulting in a 73-0 score. Splendid coaching was beginning to manifest itself, as evidenced by the improved football ability displayed by the whole team over the week previous. Rudy, shifted from guard to half-back, and Dyas substituting for Tolliver,

made a race track out of the gridiron.

The next bait for the hungry Tiger eleven was Garfield. It was sure keen tasting meat, too, because the Valley team had defeated Paris the previous year in a bitterly fought game. The score was 21-0 in the Tigers' favor. Riddell, right tackle, featured the game with a 70-yard run for a touchdown.

Casey's fast team was the next eleven for Coach Murphree's men to stack up against. It was a gruelling fight and although the Tigers played a good brand of football, they were downed, 27-16. Rudy starred for the Paris eleven by making frequent long end runs, and smashing line plunges

for big gains.

One week later the Tigers traveled over to Clinton and defeated them in every way except in the official score which was 1-0. The score was 7-6 in Clinton's favor when Riddell caught a Clinton fumble and ran 70 yards to within a yard of the Clinton goal. The run was legal as Coach Murphree proved in his letter to the Tribune a week later, but the referee ruled in favor of Clinton, and Murphree led his team from the field.

The Paris eleven next took Georgetown into camp, 20-13. We state here that Georgetown tied Robinson who were considered Wabash Valley champions and as we defeated Georgetown without the aid of one of our best backs, that ought to throw some light on the standing of the Paris eleven.

The following game with Marshall was looked forward to with thrill by the entire school but the student body as well as the team was due to a disappointment. Marshall defeated us 18-8. The game, played in a sea of mud and ice, in the face of a biting snow storm, was slow and illjudged. This game did not demonstrate the ability of our backfield men who were especially noted for their end runs, which were, of course, impossible on a treacherous, slippery gridiron.

The last home game of the season was played with Sullivan. The Tigers took the Hoosier outfit into camp by the score 8-o. Paris' points

came in the first quarter. Dvas circling left end for a touchdown, and Piper

making a safety from Shively's boot over the goal posts.

Playing the last contest of the season, and many of the stars playing their last game for P. H. S. the Tigers journeyed to Oakland and defeated the local eleven in the greatest struggle ever witnessed by Paris rooters. At the end of the first half, the score was 7-0 in favor of Oakland. The Tigers came back strong in the last half and netted 20 points, clinching the victory. Line bucks for a goal, a pass from Jenks to Shively, and a 30-yard end run by Rudy through the whole Oakland line were the responsible factors that closed successfully the best football season ever experienced by Orange and Black supporters. Perisho at left end played one of the greatest games of the season.

Jenks showed such good generalship throughout the year that he can well be ranked the greatest quarterback ever produced on a Parisian gridiron. Rudy and Dvas, the backs, time after time clipped off good gains for their team-mates. But to the unnoticed hard workingline goes the credit for making such openings as enabled their backs to star. Cox Riddell, A. Tolliver, Marrs, Perisho, Piper, McGowan, Baker, Cotterman, White, Curl, Zimmerly, and Bandy all earned well deserved "P's" for their excellent line Honorable mention should also be given to those "scrubs" who came out during the season to give the first team practice which was so necessary to their development, namely: Frazier, DeHaven, K. Jenks. K. Lutz, Stephens, Weston and P. McMullen.

Paris should have even a more successful football season next year with such stars and vets as Cox, Dyas, Perisho, Frazier, Curl, Zimmerly, Piper, White, McGowan, A. Tolliver, Cotterman, and K. Jenks. Doubtless there will also be new material developed from the Freshman class and possibly a few flunkers will be able to play if they improve their grades. So we

predict a bright future for the football season of '22.

Capt. Bernie Shively.

OUR COACH

Among the Athletes stands the coach, His face one savage scowl, And the language that he hands those boys Is just one steady growl. And as he tells them of their faults The growl becomes a howl. He tells the line men they are punk, The half-backs get it double— The full-back should be shot at dawn But isn't worth the trouble— And when he names the quarter-back It makes him foam and bubble! And then the coach keeps up his squawk, In one unending rumble— He bends the haughty spirit till They grow both meek and humble— And yet—they like this stormy man, And love to hear him grumble!

FOOTBALL BANQUET.

On the night of February I, the mothers of the members of the 1921 football squad served a banquet for the team in Dorsett's basement. And it was acclaimed some feed! Had the chicken all cut off the bone so it could be eaten and lots of things! "Mick" Piper and Bernie Shively ate so much that they were unable to get around the bowls, or rather tubs, of ice cream which were especially prepared for them.

When all the sounds of battle had ceased, and all the various appetites had fled, the right honorable Mr. Eger Murphree arose, and in the role of toast-master, praised the departed feast and offered the appreciation of the gang to the mothers and to the men who, led by Mr. Frank Feutz and Mr. George Dole, had contributed the necessary coin to make the affair pos-Then the Gentleman from Kentucky called upon Superintendent Hinkle, Mr. Feutz, and Manager Reeser, all of whom responded in a happy vein. A ballot was then taken to elect a captain for next year's team and Clark Piper was elected without a single dissenting vote except his own. 'Ray for "Mick"! It may be interesting to note that Mr. Piper made no speech. Bernie Shively, the lofty retiring captain, was the next victim and his talk was a notable improvement over some others he has made. Experience has surely helped "Hungry." The coach next introduced Fritz Curl as the champion mud slinger of the Middle West. And if you ever played against him on a wet field, this appellation would be immediately understood. Yea, verily, Fritz has earned his nickname.

This concluded the program after some yells by the cheer leaders, Dugan and Colwell, and when we all assembled after the banquet, we agreed that there was one thing that towered above all the others in making the football season a huge success,—above all the spirit—all the teamwork—all the support—and everything else. That something (pardon! I meant someone) was our coach, Mr. Eger Murphree, and it is the earnest desire of all the boys who have had dealings with him in the field of athletics, and of all those who have watched his work, that he be the athletic coach for the school year of 1922-23.

Richard C. Dyas, '23.

A Football team in ancient days was known as the "eleven;" But now a lot of strange galoots
Are hustled in as substitutes,
And ere the final whistle toots
They number forty-seven.

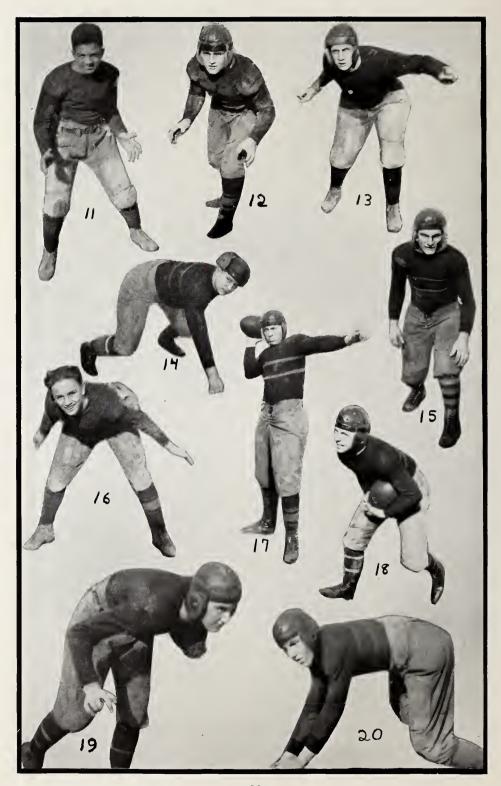
Miss Bicknell (watching football practice): My, but those boys are dirty; how will they ever get clean?

Mr. Murphree (coach): That's what the scrub team is for.



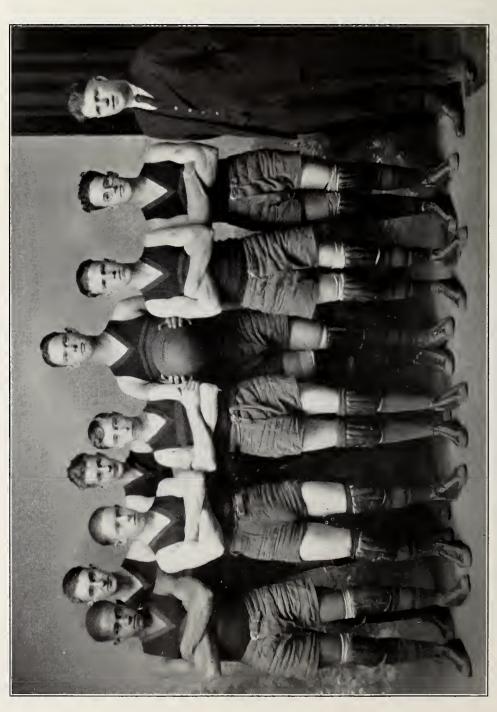
Fans, meet Paul Frazier. Paul "subbed" most of the present season, but he has three more football years ahead of him and with a little more experience he promises to be a valuable man for the '23 squad.
2 TED McGOWAN*
3. ELBON WHITE*
4. MR. REESER
5. OWEN BAKER*
6. FRED CURL* End "The Champeen Mud-Slinger of the Middle West," employed the greater part of his time by ably filling the gaps that occasionally occured in our defenses, "pepping" up the whole squad, and slinging mud in our opponents "mugs."
7. MR. MURPHREE
8. CAPT. BERNARD SHIVELY*
9. RICHARD RUDY* Left Half-Back Another loss, whose position will be hard to fill, is Rudy. Every loyal rooter will long remember Rudy's thrilling, spectacular end runs and off-tackle bucks.
Well, here's hope! "Duke" will be with the squad next year!! Can anything more complimentary be said?

^{* &}quot;P" Men.



- II. ALLEN TOLLIVER* Right End. We are sure Allen will ably fill his brother's shoes and predict an All-Wabash-Valley berth for him in the future. 12. BRENT MARRS* Tackle Although hampered by a "game" knee and a recent operation, the games that Brent did enter were a big loss—for the enemy. Remember his splendid playing at Marshall? Brent's absence from the 1923 lineup will be sorely felt. 13. DALE COTTERMAN* Guard Dale aims to make next year his banner season, and we believe it. Coach Murphree was free from worry so long as he had Cotterman in reserve. 14. HOWARD COX* Tackle It is certainly encouraging to inform the P. H. S. boosters that Howard will mess up a lot of end runs and line bucks for three more seasons—and "Coxey" says, "Freshmen improve every year." 15. HERBERT RIDDELL* Tackle "Herb," after an interrupted course in his studies, returned when most needed, to aid his team-mates in making football history. Of course you recall that he lighted the fireworks in the Garfield fracas. and——Clinton? 16. FRED ZIMMERLY* "Tip" alternated at sub end and half-back, and did it creditably too. He lacked the weight of his confederates but made up for it by picking out and sliding through seemingly impossible holes.

^{* &}quot;P" Men.



BASKETBALL

The basketball season of 1921-22 is one on which Paris looks with mingled pleasure and regret,—pleasure for the last part and regret for the first part. Three of the last season's letter men returned for this season: Shively, center; Tolliver, a guard; and Rudy, a forward. Perisho made the other forward and Piper the other guard. Dyas was a valuable utility man.

The team developed slowly, partly due to the fact that most if its opponents were playing basketball during football season, and our team did not reach its top form until the tournament. The team was much handicapped by illness during the first of the season and this did much to contribute to its bad start.

The following is a summary of games Paris played:

Paris (20)	a t	Paris (28)
Garfield (24)	at	Kansas (29)
Marshall (II)	a t	Paris (18)
Charleston (14)	at	Paris (30)
Martinsville (10)		
Kansas (34)		
Sidell (16)		
Paris (17)		
Paris (10)		
Paris (27)	a t	Garfield (38)
Paris (18)	a t	Metcalf (22)
Tuscola (20)		
Metcalf (16)		
		-

The following players were awarded letters for the season's work: Bernie Shively, Weston Tolliver, Clark Piper, Allen Perisho, Richard Rudy and Richard Dyas.

Shively, Tolliver, and Rudy are lost to the team by graduation, but around Perisho, Piper, and Dyas will be developed next year a team of which Paris High will be proud.

Wm. Dugan, '22.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

We organized early in the year and We alsobut
mannerJuniors
fine shapenot only With due regard for the feelings
of the faculty we refrain, soa score of 4 to 2 for the
Juniors. Wereal roughwithout doubt are the best
again and alsoagain
but neverthelessthe climax
of our still incomplete but eventful basket ball career.



Forward Fans, meet the most logical next year's captain. "Duke" is his monaker and he's our star forward. Remember that Garfield battle and the games at Charleston? Perisho scored more points than any other individual at the district tourney. He's sure got a Bickett eye for the basket.
CHARLES JENKS
RICHARD RUDY
RICHARD DYAS
MR. EGER MURPHREE
WESTON TOLLIVER
H. M. HINKLE
BERNARD SHIVELY
"Mick" did not find himself until the season was about half over and now we can't do without him. He plays floor guard and is getting better each game. He's out of luck, though, because whenever the referee thinks that a foul is committed he calls it on "Mick." Of

course he is mistaken?!?!



THE P. H. S. YELL-LEADERS.

The Athletic section would be incomplete without mention of the splendid cheer-leading of our two yell-leaders, William Colwell and William Dugan. It was the excellent encouragement of our two Bills, coupled with the help of our loyal rooters, that pulled the Tigers through many a hard-fought struggle on gridiron, gymnasium, and track. In the darkest moments with defeat staring us in the face, these yell-leaders bolstered the waning morale of our teams and injected into them that "never-say-die" spirit that ultimately lead to a rousing victory.

Both deserving boys were presented with circular P's as a result of their splendid efforts on behalf of the P. H. S. teams. Bill Colwell will be with the teams next year, and with the aid of a capable helpmate, he intends to cheer the Tigers on to more victories. Below are two of the favorite yells:

HIT 'EM HIGH, HIT 'EM LOW, YE-AH PARIS, LET'S GO! YE-AH ORANGE, YE-AH BLACK, YE-AH PARIS, FIGHT BACK!

THE TOURNAMENT

Paris looked eagerly forward to the tournament at Charleston to be held March 2, 3, 4. Our team played their first game against Chrisman at 2:30 Friday afternoon, March 3. The Paris players were proud to say that they were well supported by Paris rooters. Before this game Chrisman felt rather confident because the previous Friday they had won from Kansas by a score of 30-21. The fact that Kansas had beaten us twice seemed sufficient ground for their confidence. The Tigers ditched their Jinx (not Jenks) in this game, playing one of the fastest games in the tournament. Shively caged nine baskets for Paris; Rudy and Tolliver also played well. The final score was Paris, 42; Chrisman, 16. The next game Paris played was at 7:30 that evening with Neoga, who won from Oakland, as the opposing team. This game was easy for Paris. Piper and Perisho played well for the Tigers. The score

ended, Paris 30; Neoga, 18.

Paris had thus survived the preliminaries and they now were to play Charleston in the semi-finals. This game the Tigers knew would be a very hard one. Charleston had won from us twice before. But the Tigers were not discouraged; they were determined to fight and win. Paris, in this game started Shively center, Rudy and Perisho forwards, and Piper and Tolliver guards. The Tigers started off with a bang, leading the Charleston favorites by several points throughout the first half. The score at the end of the first half was Paris, 12; Charleston, 9. The Red and Gold players came back with their old pep and the score was a tie for several minutes at the last of the game. Then Perisho shot a basket, giving us the lead by one point. Then Foreman, a running guard on Charleston, shot a long one. This was quickly followed by another; here the game ended, unhappily for Paris. The score stood 23 to 20 in their favor. This put Paris out of the finals, but she played Westfield to decide third and fourth places. At no time did Paris fear losing, and the game ended 20 to 8. Perisho in this game made a large percentage of the points.

Paris did her best work of the season in the tournament. She had not done particularly well in the previous games; but did exceedingly well in the tournament, winning three games by a margin of 59 points and losing one by a margin of three. Following the finals in which Kansas won from Charleston by a score of 26-16, the District first and second teams were aunounced. Paris was honored by getting Tolliver on the first team as stationary guard; Shively as center and Rudy as forward on the second team. Perisho, one of our forwards, though not honored by getting on the first or second teams is recompensed by the thought that he scored more points than any other man

in the tournament.

Wm. Dugan, '22.

A strange man came into Wright's Drug Store the other day and timidly approaching Eugene McClure, said: "My hair is falling out. Can you recommend something to keep it in?"

"Certainly," replied the obliging Gene. "Here is a nice cardboard box."

Fred Curl: What do you charge for rooms?

Clerk: Five dollars up.

Fritz: But I am a P. H. S. student. Clerk: Then it's five dollars down!

TRACK 1921.

In the latter part of March, a call for students gifted in an athletic line was heard throughout the halls of Paris High. The students who answered this call donated their talents in various track events for the honor of their high school.

The first event of the year in track was the Inter-Class Meet. From the first there was little doubt as to the outcome of the meet. The Juniors finished first far ahead of their nearest rival. In this meet, Shively, Sanders, and Tolliver, being the Junior stars, each won three firsts. Others adding to the Junior score were: Butler, Bandy, Hartley, Shoaff, Wilson, and McClure. Rudy was unable to compete on account of injuries.

A few weeks later at the Edgar County Fair Grounds a County Meet was held with all high schools in the county present. The grade schools also were invited to attend. Every pupil contributed to the score in this meet for an average was taken of all the girls and boys in all the high schools in the county in running and jumping. Points toward winning the meet were given also in oratory and music. The night before the meet a heavy rain had fallen rendering the track very muddy. Despite this drawback the day was a beautiful one and the meet was a complete success. Paris finished the meet with first place. The Tiger Track team showed the spectators our merits on the track. Our mixed chorus in their rendition of "Italia" showed our ability in the musical line; and Marjorie Chapman upheld the honor of Paris in the oratorial division.

On April 26, the Tiger track team visited Terre Haute where a Quadrangular Track Meet was held. The schools present were: Paris, Garfield, Brazil, and Wiley. The Tigers labored hard for first place, but were defeated by Garfield. Paris finished second.

The following won places for Paris:

Richard Dyas—1st in 220-yd. low hurdler; 2nd in 120-yd. high hurdles.

Weston Tolliver—1st in 440-yd. dash; 2nd in 100-yd. dash.

Bernie Shively—1st in shot put.
Jesse Bandy—2nd in pole vault.

Murton Leath—3rd in half mile run.

This was the first time the Tigers had real competition and they came out very well despite the bad weather.

April 30th was a day looked forward to by more than one student; it was the day of the Second Annual Invitational Tiger Track and Field Meet. Again Paris' closest rival was Garfield. The Orange and the Black fought from start to finish, but 'twas all in vain, for the Purple and the White were declared winners of the meet by a margin of five points.

After a week of hard training the Tigers journeyed to Charleston to take part in the Eastern Illinois Track and Field Meet. There were over twenty-five schools represented. In this meet, Champaign finished first; Springfield, second; Urbana, third, and Paris, fourth. If one notices, these high schools are from cities several times the size of ours. Paris did remarkably well here for they certainly had some real competitors.

The following won points for Paris: Shively—1st in javelin; 2nd in hammer.

Leath— 3rd in 440-yd. dash. Perisho—3rd in pole vault. Foley—4th in 220-yd. dash. One of the best feats of the day was the throwing of the javelin 158 ft. 11½ inches, by Shively of Paris. This broke the State high school record by a margin of several feet. Shively, for a period of one week, had the State record broken; but it was later raised two feet at the Decatur Meet, May 14.

The First Annual Interscholastic Track and Field Meet held at Decatur, Illinois, May 14, 1921, was so successful that it is to be repeated. In this meet our only representative of the Tiger squad was Shively, who won third in javelin and fourth in discus.

At Urbana on May 21, 1921, a meet was held in which Shively, of Paris, won second in javelin and third in discus.

The following week, all by his lonesome, Shively journeyed to The Windy City where he showed the spectators what kind of athletes Edgar county produces. By some misunderstanding, Shively believed that there would be no hammer throw and he was entered in javelin and discus only. In conversation with some of the judges, he found out that there was to be a hammer throw. After due argument he was allowed to enter. The first time in the ring Bernie heaved the hammer 138 feet. His closest competitor was 126 feet. For this the prize was a beautiful gold case Elgin watch, which Bernie displayed with pardonable pride.

Just as Paris has within the last year been put on the map by her success in football, so has she in the track and field meets. As our successors, we bid the athletes of the coming classes keep cool and steady, and see if we cannot continue to be successful rivals of the best schools in Eastern Illinois and Western Indiana. As long as we, the class of '22 have breath, we will be there every time possible to root for and to support you as of old.

Wm. M. Dugan, Athletic Editor.

A pessimist: One who looks at the job and runs.

An optimist: One who looks at the job and says, "Let George do it,"

A peptimist: One who looks at the job and does it.

BEFORE

There are meters of accents
And meters of tone;
But the best of all meters
Is to meet her alone.

AFTER

There are letters of accent And letters of tone; But the best of all letters Is to let her alone.

Senior: "I'm a big gun around here!"

Junior: "Is that why they have been talking of cannon you?"



THE TIGER MEET

The Second Annual Tiger Track and Field Meet held at the Edgar County Fair Grounds on April 30, 1921, was no doubt the best conducted and the most successful ever held in Eastern Illinois. Mr. Hinkle, Mr. Hammerlund, and Mr. Pollard with their corps of assistants deserve much credit for the splendid and efficient manner in which the meet was handled. The town itself entered into the spirit of the occasion, and all business houses were

gaily decorated with colors of the competing schools.

The team cup, given by the Jones Dry Goods Store, was won by Gar-. The individual cup, given by Paxson Link to the athlete making the most points, was won by Shively of Paris with 13 points to his credit. The cup, given by Ray Noonan to the individual star doing the most extraordinary feat of the meet-making a record high jump of 5 ft. 11 in.,-was won by Evans, of Brazil. Due recognition should also be given to the other business men of Paris, whose contributions made it possible to secure and award the medals for the different events.

Throughout the contest Paris and Garfield labored hard to obtain leadership. Lamb and Harpold, of Garfield, each winning two firsts, contributed to the defeat of Paris. The points won by the Tigers were distributed as follows:

Shively13	Butler	3
Tolliver 3	Dyas	1

The last event of the day—the relay race—was won by Mt. Carmel for the second time, thus again giving them the right to take home the much desired Dorsett Cup. Owing to their participation in previous events, our relay team was about "all wagged out" when it came time to run. They, however, showed their mettle as they had heretofore done. The members of our relay team were: Rudy, Leath, Snider, and Tolliver.

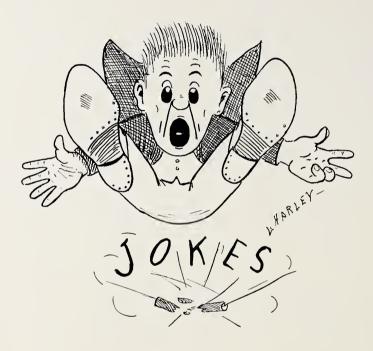
It is to be remembered that it is no small thing to win second among twenty different teams. Paris aspires to the winning of first place next

year.

The points scored by each team were as follows:

Garfield	
Paris 20	
Westville 16	
Wiley14	
Casey	
Mt. Carmel	
Brazil	
Linton	
Robinson 5	
Chrisman 4	
Sullivan	
Bridgeport	
Hume	
Charleston	
Charleston N. High	
Urbana	
Wm. M. Dugar	1
Ath Edi	

Ath. Editor.



Now the Editors of Jokes Are just ordinary folks. Who have quite hard times To find jokes and rhymes. So if you have read one before Just read the same one some more. Now, gentle reader, don't raise a complaint, For some are original, and then, too, some ain't. We, the Senior class of '22, wish to express our deepest appreciation for the support which the following business men have contributed to the "Arena." They are boosters every one of them. Read their ads and patronize them for they in no small measure have made possible the publication of this book. May we, the Seniors, soon be able to return the valuable aid so liberally contributed.

Anthony's Grocery Brown, C. P. Bonebrake, J. O. Beecher—Keith. Boyle's Motor Co. Basan's Shoe Shop. Bastian Bros. Church, F. A. Colson, U. O. Chittick, W. J. Citizens' National Bank Dorsett, W. E. Daniels Lighting Co. Edgar County Seed Co. Edgar County Farm Bureau Edgar County National Bank First National Bank Fritch Drug Co. Garber, H. M. Gibbons' Grocery Glenn, W. A. Green, R. H. Gumm, K. G. Haug, E. P. Helfrich, J. A. Hodge, W. H. & J. G. Home Building & Loan Horace Link & Co. Horney, Robert Jones' Dry Goods Kurtz, Geo. E. Link, E. H.

Lloyd's Dry Goods Lodge & Dresbach Logan, W. S. Maddock & Yackee Majestic Theatre Morrisey's Nelson Title & Trust Co. Papadakos & Rallis Paris Business College Paris Dry Goods Co. Paris Ice Cream Co. Paris Savings & Loan Paris State Bank Paris Steam Laundry Paulson, L. Pearman & Lehman Peerless Cleaners Piper's Hardware Reed's Drug Store Rowe, H. B. Sanders, I. Shank-Allison Sims. Walter & Son Stafford's Engraving Co. Tanner's Dept. Store Trover Shoe Co. Wabash Commercial School White Star Grocery Wright, Fred Wolfe, A. W. Wolfe, F. S.

If there should be another flood,
For refuge hither fly,
Tho all the world should be submerged,
These jokes would still be dry.

Katherine Askin: You sit on every joke I write. Miss Wenz: I wouldn't if there were any point to them. EDWARD LEVINGS, President CHAS. JUREY, Cashier

J. G. Brown, Vice-President I. N. Shaw, Ass't Cashier

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I DOUBT IT

On some warm day near the end of school,
When the swimming hole looks nice and cool,
If a crowd of boys with a lot of spunk
Would come along with their swimming trunks,
And want you to join their merry crowd,
Would you think of your grades and say, "I'm not allowed?"
Well, maybe you would, but I doubt it.

If while in school a note you'd receive
From a girl whose eyes you'd hardly believe
Were looking in yours with a real rich blue,
Awaiting an answer to come from you,
Would you think of your grades and say, "I can't write it?"
Well, maybe you would, but I doubt it.

If you took chemistry and needed a flask,
And you saw one lying on your neighbor's desk,
Would you turn your back and leave it alone
And say, "I'll go and buy one all my own?"
Well, maybe you would, but I doubt it.

1865

1922

STRENGTH

STABILITY

SECRECY

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Frank L. Moss, Vice-President A. Risser, Assistant Cashier

IVAN HOWARD, Assistant Cashier

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Harry Carter: Would you be hurt if I kissed you?

Mary Lydick: Dad's a doctor.

Miss Gaddis: When you get an encore this afternoon just pick up your instruments and bow.

Dorothy Sebree (pianist): Oh, Miss Gaddis, please have mercy on me.

Miss Wenz: When did Shakespeare live? Mary VanHoutin: In the Shakespearean age.

Hotel clerk (after P. H. S. basketball team had left): I found that "Not to be used except in case of fire" notice that those fellows took out of the corridor.

Manager: Where?

Clerk: Nailed to the coal bin.

Miss Loomis in physiology: How can we prevent tuberculosis? Gertrude Bussart: By going to the office and buying Red Cross Seals.

The teacher's motto, "It is better to wear out than to rust out," is illustrate by the following: Miss Maloney—You may take the next twenty pages for tomorrow.

Student: I don't think I deserve an absolute zero on this paper. Mr. Murphree: I don't either, but it is the lowest mark I am allowed to give.

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Paris, Illinois.

Miss Huston: What is the presidential succession law. Elwyn? Elwyn Daniels: The presidential succession law provides that if both president and vice-president die, the cabinet members will follow in succession.

Freshman girl (at her first football game): Oh, George, do let's stay and see that part over again, where he runs all the way down the field.

Miss Gaddis in Glee Club: Don't breathe till you get to land.

Fred Curl: Do you serve lobsters here?

Waiter at Grand: Yes, we serve everybody; sit down.

Some girls were talking in Geometry. Mr. Murphree, becoming angry said, "Well allright, I'm not doing this for vocal exercise."

Owen Baker (in manly tone): Football made a man out of me. Coach: Better go out again next year, hadn't you?

Ted McGowan: May I enter the Ancient History class?

Miss Wenz: No—that class is full.

Ted McGowan: Seems like you could take one more, the little bit of work I'd do.

Lucile Forcum: What makes you think Byron likes me so?

Mary Van Houtin: Oh! he always looks so pleased when you hand him your English paper.

Miss McCallister: Where do the Greeks live? Ted McGowan: In behind the shoe shining parlors.

Miss Loomis: Is this the list of problems you made up for the day you were absent?

Mike Sunkel: Oh, no, I didn't make 'em up. I got 'em all out of the book.

Mr. Hinkle suddenly walked into the bookkeeping room the other day and found Bert Forsythe propping his book endwise on his chin.

"Why aren't you at work? he demanded.

"I am, sir," Bert replied. "I am balancing my books."

Ruth Pearman: How many subjects are you carrying? Fern Hybarger: I am carrying one and dragging three.

Lillian Twigg (at football game): Why does that fellow call out all those numbers?

Charles Whalen (with superior air): Why, it's this way. The men are supposed to add them up, divide by two, and the one who gets the answer first is the one who runs with the ball.

The science classes have figured out that on account of the heat expanding the rails, it is four miles farther to New York in the summer than in the winter.

Julia Fern: What's that thread tied around your little finger for? Katherine Askin: Oh! that's just to remind my mother to ask me if I forgot something she asked me to remember.

Miss Dayton: What are two of the hardest subjects known? Bill Lydick: Algebra and getting up.

Alan Shoaff: We have an exam in history tomorrow.

Richard Rudy: You don't say! Well, there is ten minutes more work I hadn't counted on.

Boss (to LeRoy Gibbons): You're the slowest boy we've ever had. Aren't you quick at anything?

LeRoy: Yes sir; nobody can get tired as quickly as I can.

The cry used to be "54-40 or fight!" Now its "70-75 or flunk."

Mr. Hamilton (vigorously shaking test tube containing acid): What would I have if I kept this up until morning?

Bill Lydick: St. Vitus' dance.

William Colwell while clerking at Dorsett's clothing store waited on an angry customer, who said, "See here, you over charged me for that suit and it was full of moths."

Bill replied, "Well, what can you expect for \$16.98? Humming birds?"

And So It Tasted

Miss Reed, domestic science teacher: Did you wash that fish before you baked it?

Fern Chesrown: No, what's the use? It has lived in water all its life.

Mary Lydick: You know the majority of the class knows ten times as much as you do, William.

Bill Lydick: Well, ten times nothing is nothing.

Irate Customer: I've worn these calf skin shoes only two months, now look at them.

Byron Stewart at shoe store: My dear Sir, you must understand that the calf had already worn that skin for five months, making seven months' wear, which is very good, I should say.

Miss Huston: Name a noted naval battle. Margaret Lyons: Battle of Waterloo.

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Southwest Corner Square

Freshman: These girls that have their hair bobbed ought to be switched. Senior: They will be "switched" as soon as the fashion changes.

Mr. Hamilton: When two bodies come together violently they generate heat.

Bill Colwell: Not always; I hit a big fellow once and he knocked me cold.

Si, the Senior sez: "United we pass, divided we flunk."

She met him in a darkened room. Said he, "I've brought some roses!" She answered with irrelevance, "Oh, deer! how cold your nose is!"

Miss Dayton: What's the difference between verse and poetry?
Margaret Jane Cretors: Well, if you can understand it, its verse; and if you can't, it's poetry.

Art Weston: If I threw you a kiss what would you say? Audrey Young: I would say that you were the laziest boy I ever knew.

Miss Bicknell (in zoology): Where do all the bugs go in the winter time?

Ted Fishback: Search me.

"Mr. Foley, what is your son Leon's approximate income?" "Oh, about 2 a. m.

In Civics Class:

"What is a party without women?"

"Stag party."

"And what would a nation be without women?"

"Stag nation."

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and
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Bright Junior: Is there any mail for me?

Postman: What is your name?

Bright Junior: You'll find it on the envelope.

Miss McCallister: Victor, why haven't you your lesson?

'shley: Too many dates.

A. H. CLINE, President J. W. VOORHEES, Vice-Pres. EMMET MATTINGLY, Cashier.

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Bright Student in American History.

Miss Huston: Who was the first Attorney-General of the U. S.?

Arnold Trimble: Emerson.

Miss Pierce: Define alimentary canal.

Gene McClure: The alimentary canal is a canal running from Chicago to New York.

English V. C.

Miss Dayton: Edward, when did Shakespeare die?

Ed Shaw: The day of his birth, April 23.

Miss Wright, entering the noisy shorthand room in which several girls were busily engaged in loud conversation: "Girls! You're disturbing the folks up town."

Miss Bicknell in Zoology: Where are sharks found?

Paul McMullen: In Latin class.

Harry Logan: It's true I was speeding, but I can explain if you will give me a little time.

Judge: Very well, I will give you ten'days.

Inez Carmichael: Oh it was lovely of you to send me some flowers. They are so fragrant they fairly breathe of nature's eloquence. I believe that there is some dew on them yet.

Glen Garber: Well, there is, but I will pay it tomorrow.

Miss Huston (in American History): "What action did the British take in the early spring of 1776?"

Leona Glick: "They excavated Boston."

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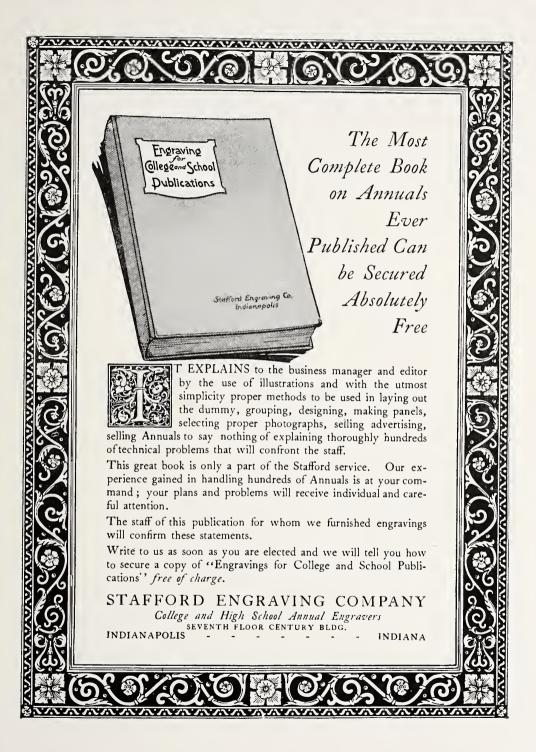
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The Song of an Underclassman

I'd like to be a Senior
And with the Seniors stand;
A fountain pen behind my ear,
A notebook in my hand.

I wouldn't write a thing in it
But keep it clean all day;
For I would be a Senior
And with the Seniors stay.

I wouldn't be the President;
'Tis hard to be a king;
I wouldn't be an emperor
For all the wealth 'twould bring.

I wouldn't even be an angel, For angels have to sing; But I would be a Senior And never do a thing.

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WIDE AWAKE GROCERY

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First Freshman: Why didn't you answer my question?

Second Freshman: You poor prune, didn't you see me nod my head?

First Freshman: No, but I thought I heard something rattle.

Freshman: The dentist told me I had a very large cavity that needs filling.

Sophomore: What course of study did he recommend?

Katrina: "I want to marry a man with brains. See?"

Richard: "I know, but I believe one should marry within one's circle."

J. O. BONEBRAKE

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A. N. YOUNG, Cashier
W. D. COLE and J. R. SUNKEL, Ass't. Cashiers

Young Girl: Now mother, get this straight; if Harry comes, telephone Frank that I can't meet him because I've got to keep an appointment with George.

Father: Where were you last night, Harry?

Harry Carter: Oh, just out riding with a bunch of fellows. Father: Well, tell them not to leave their hairpins in the car.

"Was Paul Means in the Junior Class Play?"

"Yes, he had a leading part."

"Oh, what did he do?"

"He was head usher."



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Prof. Hinkle: What do you expect to be in this world?

Bernie Shively: Oh, about six feet five inches.

Miss McCallister: What is the shape of the earth? Russel Asher: I haven't studied my lesson, ma'am.

Miss Turman: When did you start studying last night, Paul?

Paul Means: Oh, about a quarter of eight.

Miss Turman: I thought so, a quarter of eight is two.

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of any store in Edgar County. Our prices are always the lowest.

All that's green is not grass. Remember the freshies.

Grave doubts are entertained by the faculty for the future of the incoming freshman. They are alarmingly worldly-wise. None of them brought slates.

Miss Wenz: There are seven reasons for theme failures. Does any one happen to know them?

Dorothea Jones: Seven nights out a week.

Victor Ashley: Where did you get that hair on your coat?

Chesley Haworth: My Latin pony is shedding.

Alan Shoaff was sent to the train to meet Miss Frazier. Coming up Main Street they passed the library.

Miss Frazier: What is that magnificent building over there?

Alan: The library.

New teacher: I suppose it is supported by the city?

Dink: No ma'am, by its foundation.

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SUMMER SCHOOL

Term opens June 5.

Nell Watson, Mgr.

Flunker: I wish I had twenty-six credits.

Bright senior: Yes, if your backbone was as strong as your wishbone you'd have been graduated long ago.

Teacher to girl: If you thought as much of the inside of your head as you do of the outside, you would be a marvel.

Mr. Hinkle (running into chemistry lab after big explosion): Where is Mr. Hamilton?

Boy: He's gone!

Mr. Hinkle: For good?

Boy: Well, he went in that direction.

Farnum: I fired our new salesman last night.

O'Hair: Why?

Farnum: He tried to sell a \$7,000 car to a school teacher.

Teacher: Which is correct: a drove of camels or a herd of camels?

Stude (just waking): Camels come in packages.

Mrs. Lydick: Why are you coming home this time of day, William? Bill: Merely a matter of principal, Mother.

1022

Figures Never Lie

Arnold Trimble: What are my chances for recovering, Doctor? Doctor: "Good. Medical records show that nine out of every ten die of the disease you have. Yours is the tenth case I've treated, all others have died. You're bound to get well. Statistics are statistics.

Arnold: Thank heaven.

Mrs. Reeser: Our little baby is following in his father's footsteps.

Neighbor: How's that?

Mrs. Reeser: He always crawls toward the cellar steps.

Harry Carter: Isn't Julia Fern a sort of suicide blonde?

Ted Fishback: Whatddve mean, a suicide blonde?

Harry: Dyed by her own hand.

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AMBITION

Fred Dodd: I have at last thought of the job that I would like to have.

Ernest Stephens: What is that?

Dodd: Lineman in a wireless telegraph company.

French cleaning a la Wet Wash

Richard Dyas: Mother, what did you do with those cuffs I left on the table last night?

Mother: I sent them to the laundry; why?

Richard: Ye Gods, I had all my French exams on them.

Alan Shoaff: I passed Shakespeare yesterday.

His father: Did he speak?

Milton married, and wrote "Paradise Lost." His wife died, and he wrote "Paradise Regained."

Glen Taflinger: I asked Dorothy if I could see her home."

Tom McCubbins: What did she say?

Pete: She said she would send me a photo of it.

Question: Why does a man's hair turn gray sooner than his mustache? Answer: Because it's twenty-one years older.

Rich Dyas: "I see that Bill Colwell has got a job at last working in Curl's livery stable."

Rich Rudy: "What doing?"

Dyas: "Curl has some horses that won't take the bit, so Bill has to talk to them 'till they yawn."

Miss Dayton: Richard, what type of men do L'Allegro and Il Pensoro so remind you of?

Richard Dyas: Happy Hooligan and Gloomy Gus.

Mrs. Curl: "Fred, it is ten o'clock, if you want to go to church." Fred (half asleep): "What time is it if I don't want to go to church?"

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GROCERIES

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Phone 74

Shively and Dorothy McCulloch dancing together.

"Fritz" Curl-Look out! Here comes the Washington Monument and the Woolworth Building.

Helen Ousley: Is there a book of synonyms in here?

Louise Perkins: I'll see. (To Librarian) Are there any of Synonym's work in here?

Mrs. J. P. Babcock in History: Is there anyone in this room who is absent?

Miss Huston: Leroy, what was the ancient way of carrying on warfare?

Lerov Gibbons: Why they used battering rams, etc.

Miss H. L.: Yes, what is the present method?

Leroy: Hit and run.

First Alumnus sadly (after reading Arena): Everything is different from what it was in my young days.

Second Alumnus: Except the jokes, except the jokes!

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GARAGE

Marshall St. and Vandalia R. R.

Excuse in 1925. Teacher: Where is your theme?
Boy: When I came to school in my airplane I looped the loop and my theme fell out.

Senior on a job. I wish to tender my resignation. I—Boss: Never mind making it tender. Make it brief.

Teacher, in history: How did A. Hamilton meet his death? Bright (?) senior: He had A. Burr on him, didn't he?

If reading these jokes should make you frown Just think of the ones that were turned down.

This is True—We Say.

Caesar conquered nations,
Conqueror of the world was he;
And in all examinations
Caesar has conquered me.

Miss Maloney: Did you study your Spanish last night?

Winfield Wright: Yes, an hour and a half.

Miss Maloney: Well, the next time take your book home with you; you left it on my desk all night.

Lucille Forcum: Every night before retiring I put down my thoughts in a little book.

Mary Lydick: How long have you been doing this?

Lucille: Oh, about two years.

Mary: Then you must have the first page about full by this time.

We wish someone would tell Arthur Weston that he can't be preserved by being canned.

Mr. Moss (passing out slips of paper in Assembly room): "All write your names down, please. If there are any changes we will make them later."

LeRoy Bright: Father, I have decided to paddle my own canoe.

His father: That's a fine spirit, my boy.

LeRoy: But, Dad, I need \$50 to buy the canoe.

At the art gallery is a picture of a large Newfoundland dog standing over a child whom it had rescued from the water. Under the picture is the sign, "Saved."

Forrest North: No wonder the kid fainted after dragging that big dog

out of the water.

"Hungry" Shively: Oh man, doesn't that "junk" the cooking class made make your mouth water? Wonder if Miss Reed couldn't make chefs out of some of us fellows.

Teacher (in Latin): "Did Apollo play a lute or a lyre?"

Student: "A lute." Class: "Lyre! Lyre!"

Neighbor: They tell me your son is on the P. H. S. football team. Do you know what position he plays?

Mrs. Piper: I'm not sure, but I think he's one of the drawbacks.

Richard Dyas: What the deuce do you mean by telling Katrina that I am a fool?

Edward Shaw: Heavens! I'm sorry—was it a secret?

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Miss Baldwin: Change the sentence "The horse draws the cart" to the imperative mood.

Carl Means: Get up.

Miss Huston (American History): Leroy, discuss the assassination of Lincoln.

Leroy Gibbons: Lincoln was shot in his box while at the theatre and his assassin, Booth, was shot in the barn.

No wonder they died!

Favorite Pastimes

"Dink" Shoaff—Writing shorthand or pounding the typewriter. "Mick" Piper—Eating ice cream.

Lloyd Hartley—Drawing cartoons.

Leona Glick—Whispering.

Mary O. Dole—Walking.

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Didn't you if girl a be wouldn't you, it read would you knew we (Read it backward).

Ted McGowan: Was writing done on stone tablets in the Stone Age?

Miss McCallister: Yes. Ted.

Ted: Gee, it must have been hard to break the news.

Miss Huston: Didn't I tell you to be prepared with your History lesson today and here you are unable to repeat a word of it.

Forrest Rule: I didn't think it was necessary. I thought History

always repeats itself.

Louise McClure: Flunking these days, Eugene? Gene McClure: Not so much. I'm behind a little bit in Sociology, but I try awfully hard to get ahead, you know.

Louise: Well, everybody knows you need one.

Dorothea Jones: How do you know he is an osteopath?

Leona Glick: I heard him say he made his money rolling the bones.

Wanted: French Ponies—The Class of '23.

Bashful usher to radiant young lady in the wrong pew in a fashionable church: Mardon me, Padam, this pie is occupewed. May I sew you to another sheet?

Mr. Hinkle, instructing the Physticuphs in public speaking:

"When you have finished your lecture, bow gracefully, and leave the platform on tip toe."

"Why on tip toe?" all demanded.

"So as not to wake the audience," he responded.

Ted Fishback: Did you hear about the defacement of John Adam's tombstone?

Bill Lydick: No, what was it?

Ted: Someone added the word "friend" to the epitaph.

Bill: That's a beautiful word and I can't see anything wrong with it. What was the epitaph?

Ted: He did his best.

Miss Julia Fern Brown was giving a luncheon. Observing that one of her guests had eaten all of her portion of ice cream, she said: "My dear Miss Forcum, let me give you some more of the ice cream.'

"Well thanks," replied Lucille, "I will take just a mouthful." "Jane," said the hostess to the maid, "fill Miss Forcum's plate."

Ruth Pearman: Poor Mildred slipped on her veranda last night?

Fern Hybarger: Well, did it fit her?

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Mattoon, Ill.

The jokist envies Adam. No one could ever accuse him of hearing his jokes before.

Clotile Forcum: "Sister will be down in a few minutes, Byron; she's up-stairs rehearsing."

Byron Stewart: "What is she rehearsing?"

Clotile: "I don't know, but she is standing in front of the mirror and blushing, and saying 'Oh, Byron, this is so sudden.'"

Jesse Bandy: Here's twenty-five cents of my Arena money on account.

Miss Wright: On account?

Jesse: On account of not having the rest of it.

Miss Wenz: Forrest, who was Hebe?

Forrest Rule: Goddess of Condensed Milk.

Miss Wenz in Senior English: Lucille, have you ever heard of the Muses?

Lucille Forcum: Yes, nine Muses in poetry.

Miss Wenz: Well, what does the tenth one mean?

Lucille: It just meant another one.

Julia Fern Brown (entering house after a chilly auto ride): I am just going to hug the fire place.

Ted Fishback: Why do that? I'm a brick.

Ed: Have you formed an attachment for Caroline? Art: No, nature formed it, I just put it around her.

Allen Tolliver: Weston was horribly mangled yesterday.

Paul Reed: How did it happen?

Allen: He had on his new wool suit and when he got caught in the shower it shrunk so fast that he was crushed before he got it off.

D. Sebree: What did you think of my solo?

Glen Taflinger: I know one fellow who would have given anything to have heard you.

D. M. S.: Who was it?

Glen: Well, you wouldn't know, but he's deaf as a post.

Father (to Ed Shaw coming in late): What time is it?

Ed: One o'clock, sir. (Clock strikes three).

Father: My, how that clock stutters!

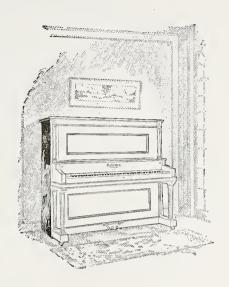
Allan Perisho: There is an awful rumbling in my stomach—like a cart going over a cobble stone street.

Rich Dyas: It's probably that truck you ate for dinner.

John (after the wedding): This lettuce tastes beastly—did you wash it? Martha: Of course I did, darling, and I used perfumed soap.

Miss Loomis: What is a viaduct?

Winston Wade: A place where you put garbage.



When you choose a piano there is one certain way of buying that which best pleases you —that is by careful comparison.

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